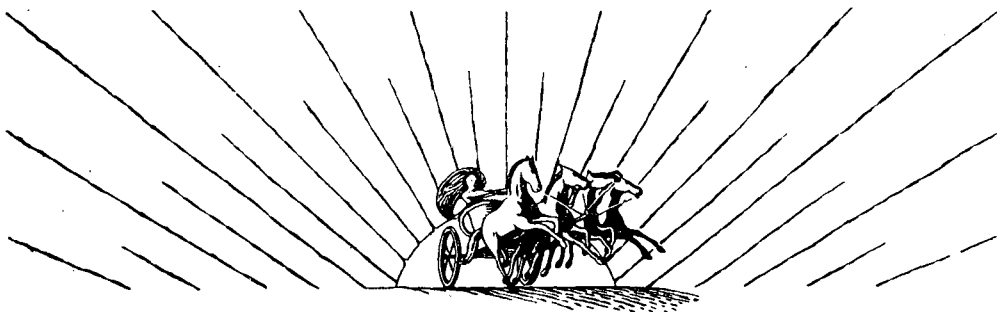




THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

June 12, 1926

SUN SPOTS ON AMERICA'S PROSPERITY. (1) Compare the distribution of automobiles in this country with that of the world in general. What are the evils of the installment plan economically? In what sense may it be said to be a kind of inflation? (2) What role does protection play in the prosperity of American industry? Summarize this writer's account of the disappearance of the jobber. Discuss his account of the internationalization of investment.

SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA. Explain the reasons for friction in the Upper Nile territory. Tell what you may know of Lord Kitchener, Lord Allenby, Zaghlul Pasha. Summarize the treaty of 1906. How complete is British domination in Africa?

VASSAL AMERICA. Why is the Tacna-Arica question of secondary importance in South American affairs? Discuss the writer's explanation of South America's vassalage. To what does he look for genuine freedom?

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN INDIA. Where were the first seeds of political unrest sown in the Orient? State the important aspects of the present problem of autonomy.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS. Tell what you may be able to learn about Swinburne's whole work as a poet. What had he published before *Poems and Ballads: First Series*? Discuss Morley's judgment of these poems.

ANOTHER JANE. Who was the author of 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star'? Explain the force of the title of this article.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.



A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot —
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contents that God is not —
Not God; in gardens! when the
eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in
mine.

Thomas Edward Brown

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NEXT WEEK

ENGLAND AT BAY

A German and a French Observer

Two records of the British general strike by journalists from abroad who were on the spot during the historic week of May 2. The German was a correspondent of the Radical *Vorwärts*, the Frenchman of the Conservative *Écho de Paris*.

THE FASCIST LEGEND

By an Italian Correspondent

Defenders of the Mussolini régime have repeatedly asserted that Fascism has the hearty support of the whole Italian people and has been responsible for saving Italy from chaos. An English observer explains how much there is in both these claims.

A DAY IN THE JUNGLE

By C. R. Kellogg

Thirty-five miles by boat and on foot from the city of Foochow and its million inhabitants, Mr. Kellogg observed the exotic bird-life in the tiger belt of South China.

PLAYGOING IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

By Paul Scheffer

Compared with the abstract and conventional theatre of the Far East, says this traveler, the 'grand manner' of Racine at the Comédie Française seems as naturalistic as a play by Galsworthy or Hauptmann. The author draws interesting parallels between the two great stages of the Orient.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — JUNE 12, 1926 — NO. 4275



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

STRIKES AND STRIKE PREVENTION

ENGLAND and Italy stand at the opposite poles of social opinion and political practice; and this is nowhere better illustrated than in their methods of dealing with relations between employers and employees. In the long run, we imagine the British manner is the better; but superficially Italy's logical, direct, coercive labor regimen has its attractive aspects.

As these lines are dictated the mid-strike issues of the British weeklies lie on our desk. They are foolscap size, of eight or ten pages, reproduced by a photographic process from the type-written manuscript — the method to which certain publications in New York, and also in Australia, have resorted during printers' strikes. The first thing that impresses one in their comment is its moderation and broad tolerance. All recognized the primacy of the constitutional question. As the *Spectator* said: 'When the General Council of the Trades Union Congress forbids men to work, it challenges the existence of the Government. Thus the question before the country neces-

sarily becomes a constitutional one. No one can prevent that from happening, although it is quite true that those who are Constitutionalists in every fibre of their thought are not necessarily entirely at one with the Government on the industrial question as such. The fact remains that if Labor, in order to win, were able to make government impossible, the Trades Union Congress would be the only alternative to the Government.' The same journal harked back to the American Civil War in appealing for a timely and conciliatory settlement. 'The one duty of every patriotic man, while doing his share in keeping the life of the nation going, is to engender peace. As Mr. Baldwin finely said, perhaps remembering the words of Lincoln at the end of the American Civil War, he would harbor no bitterness but would be willing to start negotiations afresh, "without prejudice" to those who struck. Lincoln said he would receive the Confederates back into the family of the Union as though they had never left it.'

The *Outlook* believed the responsible, veteran leaders of the workers had been carried off their feet by their

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followers at the conference of union representatives just before the strike. 'A delegate conference is always an extreme body—at any rate before a strike begins. Once it is assembled you may be pretty sure of trouble, unless the leaders make a colossal effort to exert themselves.' Nevertheless, 'official Labor as a whole was responsible for the decision to call a general strike; for Messrs. MacDonald, Henderson, and Thomas were on the platform at the momentous meeting. Yet the triumvirate gave no public sign of dissent or made any implied qualification, and joined the audience of delegates in singing "The Red Flag." Even in the darkest day of the conflict, however, this Conservative journal drew comfort from the fact that a clear-cut issue had been raised, and 'in no spirit of easy-going Toryism' forecast that 'the present crisis must end, and will end, in the emphatic reestablishment of the old democratic tradition.'

So much for the political philosophy of the nation in the brunt of the battle. The *Economist*, which for the first time in eighty-four years was unable to publish its normal weekly issue, declared: 'The country has entered on one of the most far-reaching industrial conflicts in history with amazing coolness. The public may demand a more complete explanation than it has yet had as to the events of the last few fateful hours and the reason for breaking off negotiations; but the trade-union leaders must bear the main responsibility for calling into use a weapon which cannot be employed without challenging the constitutional principles in which they themselves believe.' It then added: 'The urgent need is to find a way to resume negotiations while tempers still remain cool.' The *London Statist*, after reporting, 'The superficial dislocation of the normal life of the community is surprisingly small,' esti-

mated that the unions' funds would carry their members for about a month, and that the direct cost to the nation of a month's stoppage would be approximately seventy million pounds sterling. On the basis of these estimates, which it developed in some detail, it reached this comforting conclusion: 'A strike lasting a month would not have results as serious as even an average month of conditions during the war. A more prolonged stoppage would be far from causing anything like a financial collapse, but it would make itself felt in the shape of higher commodity prices, shortage of temporary and permanent capital, increasing pressure to sell securities, and a greater demand for cash and credit.'

From the first, apparently, the morale of the nation was kept up by a sense of steadily increasing ability to provide for its essential needs. This ability was conspicuously shown by the railway service. In its issue of May 10, three days before the strike was called off, the *Times*, which was able to issue four printed pages of its normal size and format during the latter part of the struggle, reported that 106,000 railway men were back at work, and added:—

The extent of the rapid recovery of the railways is illustrated by the following total of trains run by the four railway groups since the strike began:—

	METROPOLITAN AND DISTRICT	
	MAIN LINES	TAN AND DISTRICT
May 4	534	243
May 5	1252	387
May 6	2093	465
May 7	2703	522
May 8	3054	544

The figures for the Metropolitan and main railway systems of the country present the extent of the service to the public, for, in the case of the District at any rate, the actual trains in service only are counted, whereas from the point of

view of the passenger every shuttle journey is really a separate train. The general improvement was more than maintained yesterday, when over 3600 trains were scheduled to run, the L.M.S. and the L.N.E.R. each providing for 1000 trains, while the G.W.R. had 800 and the Southern was expecting to run about 850 by midnight.

Turning now to Italy, whose press greeted the strike in Great Britain as proof positive that Fascism affords the only salvation for modern society, we find the regimentation of Labor — and incidentally of Capital — proceeding apace. Under the direction of Edmondo Rossoni, National Secretary of the Fascist Unions, the latter were gradually substituted for unions of the General Federation of Labor, which were disbanded either voluntarily or under duress. This development naturally pleased employers. Soon, however, the Fascist unions began to acquire intimidating strength and a mind of their own, particularly after they were enlarged to take in professional and intellectual workers, including journalists. This alarmed both Capital and Cabinet, and the Fascist inner circle decided that a strong helmsman must be put in control of its own creations. For a time Farinacci, the fiery ex-Secretary of the Fascisti Party, was suggested for this post. He himself is an ex-railway man, and a person with enough force of character to handle the problem. But Mussolini, doubtless with the Tarquinian legend of the taller flowers in mind, decided to take the job himself — naturally *ad interim*.

Augusto Turati, now Secretary-General of the National Fascist Party, recently published a leader in *La Tribuna*, which is a Rome mouthpiece of the Government, defending the new system thus established. He said: 'Ever since its birth Fascism has held

that the social classes, categories, and groups have divergent interests to sustain and defend, but that two fundamental and absolute conceptions overrule this divergency — production and the nation.' We take this to mean that the authority of the Government must remain supreme, and that the country's work must not be interrupted, no matter how acute the antagonism between Labor and Capital may become. This is perfect in theory, even if it is a little platitudinous; but proves nothing as to how the machinery that the Fascisti have set up to enforce that theory will work in a great crisis. The scheme includes compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes and compulsory organization of both workers and employers. Such a system was established nearly thirty years ago in New Zealand and Australia, where it has prevented the kind of strikes and lockouts that cause society the least inconvenience, but has not abolished those great labor conflicts that shake the social structure to its foundations.

*

RUSSIA REBUFFED BUT TIRELESS

SEVERAL things have happened recently to discourage the Bolsheviki. The Third International has lost its nimbus, not only in Europe and America, but also to a very considerable extent in Asia. Conditions at home as well as abroad are responsible for this. Zinoviev, who was its master mind, has lost his former influence in Soviet councils. All evidence seems to agree, moreover, that his effacement is but a symbol of the change that is occurring not only in the Soviet programme but in the spirit animating the Moscow leaders. Hope of world revolution, at least as an event near enough to count in practical politics, has faded, and

with the vanishing of that vision the life has gone out of the Communist International.

At its last general meeting that body resolved to concentrate its attention upon China, India, and Central Asia. But in China, at least, if we may trust recent reports from that country, the Communist movement is ebbing rapidly. Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin are its relentless enemies. A lively interchange of letters and telegrams occurred last April between Marshal Chang's Mukden Government and Soviet representatives in the Far East, which resulted in the suggestion that Comrade Karakhan, Moscow's Ambassador to Peking, be recalled. According to Marshal Chang, that gentleman has employed bribes 'to cause student uprisings and to assist Feng Yu-hsiang with arms for the purpose of creating internal riots and strife.' Another passage in this correspondence is rendered into English by the local press in the following diplomatic verbiage: 'We have stood all this hooliganism of Mr. Karakhan a good deal, but we have since lost all patience.' Apparently Moscow recognizes that its Ambassador's usefulness in China is over, and plans to replace him at an early date.

Another rebuff to the Soviets was the refusal of the general strike leaders in Great Britain to accept the financial assistance proffered by Moscow. Commenting on that rejection, *Pravda* said: 'While the British bourgeoisie, without distinction of Party, is united, knows what it wants, and openly proclaims the political character of the conflict, the strike movement, while it has its strong points, — such as efficient organization, the militant spirit of the workers, and the initiative of its rank and file, — has also serious weaknesses. The strike leaders are not sufficiently clear as to their objective. Some of

them refuse to recognize the political character of the strike, although it can be won only as a political battle. The management is uneven, and so great is the divergency of opinion among those in charge that some of the more conservative of them are ready to play the traitor.'

The Central Committee of the Russian Trade Unions appropriated two and one-quarter million rubles, raised by a special levy of one quarter of one day's wages upon Russian workers, to assist the strikers. When the Council of the Trades Union Congress refused to receive this money, it was set apart 'as a special fund to help the locked out miners,' although their struggle lacks the political importance of the general strike, in which Moscow was chiefly interested.

*

ALSACE-LORRAINE

FRANCE'S recovered provinces apparently insist upon remaining a problem. If we are to trust a German-Swiss correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* who recently tried to make a diagnosis of their woes, the people cannot describe what they want, further than that it is something different from what they have. Under German rule they enjoyed considerable local autonomy, and had their own *Landtag*, or provincial parliament. To-day they are a part of the highly centralized French political machine which rules rather bureaucratically from Paris. Berlin allowed the clergy largely to control the schools; Paris enforces lay instruction. All this causes discontent, although the people as a whole show no desire to return to the German fold.

What they really desire, probably, is autonomy, and indeed one leader of the movement to obtain it, who bears the unquestionably Gallic name of M.

René-César Ley, is now residing in Switzerland for his political health. Professor Edmond Vermeil of the University of Strassburg, an ardent champion of France, is so disturbed over this agitation that he interprets it, in *Le Figaro*, as a conspiracy with ramifications extending not only to Germany but to Bavaria and Austria. Logically it is anti-Prussian as well as anti-French, and its avowed object is to set up a Federal Rhenish State. The Professor even suspects England of regarding this movement with a friendly eye, as likely to weaken the preponderance of either France or Germany in Europe, and admonishes his countrymen that the Alsatian autonomist movement may have, in addition to its roots in the little province of Alsace, a rather broad European horizon; and that France should be on her guard against what is happening at a point where so much is at stake for the future peace of the continent.

*

BELLIGERENT UNCLE SAM

AN anonymous writer publishes a statistical computation in *Le Correspondant*, a Conservative Paris review, to prove that the United States, the great advocate of disarmament, has increased its military expenditures, and France has decreased hers, since the good old days before the war. In 1913-14 our country's appropriations for the Army, Navy, and Air Service aggregated something over two hundred and fifty-seven million dollars. Eleven years later, when the latest available figures were published, they amounted to approximately six hundred and eighteen million dollars — a nominal increase of 140 per cent, and a real increase, as measured in purchasing power, of 53 per cent. At the former date France expended upon these three services

about two and one-third billion francs. She spends to-day upon them slightly over six and one-third billion francs. Converting these francs into dollars, this amounts to a decrease of forty per cent. In 1914 France had forty-eight divisions of infantry. When the reductions now being made are completed she will have twenty-eight. At the same time her cavalry forces have been reduced from 445 to 180 squadrons, and her artillery from 826 to 480 batteries.

*

A PESSIMISTIC PROFESSOR

DOCTOR SHINKICHI UYESUGI of the Imperial University at Tokyo deploras in a recent issue of the *Japan Times* what he regards as the overhasty adoption of the pseudocivilization of the West by his countrymen of a generation or two ago. The result, he says, is that 'the Japanese are to-day a race not unlike a helpless wanderer in a desert, cut off from all their older traditions. The four time-honored classes of samurai, farmers, mechanics, and tradespeople resemble so many lost children, knowing nothing of their future.' The masses are sinking into a proletariat. Their leaders are bereft of counsels. Japan's proud national spirit has vanished, and the author feels sure that 'Japan as a State is fast dying, without waiting for a foreign invasion.'

Consequently the time has come to take new bearings. 'The materialist theory of evolution, which explains the human species as derived from the lower monkey-forms, has utterly failed to solve the problems of individual freedom and personal dignity. Democracy, which means obeying the decision of a majority, has proved hopelessly incapable of producing true constitutional government.' Therefore Japan should return to her old institutions. She should strip off and cast

aside the meretricious ornaments she has borrowed from the West. Only that will save her. 'If she returns to her very self, her real and genuine self, she will become fit for any task that lies before her.'

★

AND NOW FRANCE?

FRANCE expected M. Briand's Cabinet to meet stormy seas when the Chamber assembled late in May. Since these prognostications, however, the Morocco campaign has been brought to a successful termination and the descent of the franc has been checked. But the ratification of the Washington debt accord is still a difficult hazard to be played. The Communists on one extreme and the Parties of the Right on the other are hostile to its terms; and the Socialists also are inclined to oppose it. Enemies have turned up

even among the Republicans and Radicals, who constitute the central phalanx of the Cartel. M. Franklin-Bouillon, President of the Chamber's Committee on Foreign Affairs, is said to be in favor of rejection. His old Parliamentary adversary, André Tardieu, who has acknowledged no Party trammels since his late reelection, is equally against ratification.

Nevertheless, M. Briand is so clever a political tactician, and the general public is so impatient to get the impediments to a return to currency stability out of the way, that at present writing a favorable vote is predicted. Abd-el-Krim's surrender and a feeling that the worst of the financial slump is over favor the Premier. Aspirants for office, moreover, are not eager to bring about a crisis when important measures of as doubtful popularity as the American debt settlement are up for decision.

THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE



SPADES ARE TRUMPS

— *Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

SUSPICIOUS ALLIES



Marshal Wu Pei-fu and Marshal Chang Tso-lin greet each other at the gates of Peking

— *Miyako*, Tokyo

THIS UNNECESSARY STRIKE¹

A 'NEW STATESMAN' LEADER

[THE following article is from the greatly abbreviated issue of the *New Statesman* issued in the midst of the general strike. Written in the thick of the conflict, and by a vigorous opponent of the Government, it is not entirely objective; but it is a vivid document of the crisis.]

THE outstanding fact about the general strike is that no one wanted it. The public, naturally, did not want it. The coalowners did not want it. The trade-union leaders did not want it, for still more obvious reasons. The Government — except perhaps one or two of its members of the 'fight it out, it's got to come sometime' school — did not want it. Whose fault then is it that it has come upon us?

To that question there can be only one answer — that the fault lies with Mr. Baldwin and his Government. And to justify this answer it is not really necessary to discuss any of the detailed rights and wrongs of the original problem. It is necessary only to state the fact — upon which everybody is agreed — that, apart from an utterly insignificant number of Die-hards and Communists, no one wanted a strike at all. If a Government cannot avert a disaster which all feared and none desired to precipitate, what is the use of having a Government at all. Up to the very last the 'atmosphere' of the negotiations was all that could be desired. All parties wished to be conciliatory.

¹ From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), May 8

There were no signs of violent passion or prejudice or undue pugnacity. The omens were favorable; we all of us not only hoped but believed that a settlement would be reached. In such circumstances the responsibility for a breakdown can lie only with one Party — namely, the Party which wields the whole power and authority of the State, and whose duty it is either to secure that which everyone wants or to make room for other men of greater courage and capacity.

The disaster was in fact precipitated by a single foolish decision, taken at a very late hour on Sunday night — or, rather, Monday morning. We refer to the letter in which the Government broke off negotiations. Some sort of excuse for the preposterous form and content of that document may perhaps be found in the fact that it was drafted by a group of very irritated and perhaps frightened men, worn out by days and nights of apparently fruitless discussion. But such excuses Governments have no right to plead. We do not suppose for a moment that if they had waited for the calmer thoughts of the next morning any such official ultimatum would have ever been issued. But once issued it could not be withdrawn, and so Monday passed without the slightest attempt on the part of the Government to avert a quite clearly avertible catastrophe — for it seems almost certain that if the discussions had been continued for another twenty-four hours a basis of agreement would have been reached.

The Government offered two reasons for breaking off the negotiations. The first was that it was impossible and even improper to negotiate under the threat of a general strike. In view of the fact that the Government had already been negotiating under the said threat for thirty-six hours it is difficult to take this reason very seriously. The second reason was that 'overt acts' threatening the freedom of the press had already been committed. This referred of course to the incident which occurred in the office of the *Daily Mail* late on Sunday night and of which news had been telephoned through to Downing Street. It was an essentially trivial incident due to the action of only a score or so of men acting, not only without orders, but against the whole spirit of the general instructions which had been issued to them. Their refusal to run the machines unless a certain leading article — it was a very harmless and commonplace sort of article — were altered was utterly indefensible, so indefensible that even their fellow trade-unionists in the composing rooms protested against it. It is true that on the following day similar and more serious incidents occurred in other newspaper offices in London, but that was after the Government had declared war — by breaking off negotiations — and a wholly new situation had arisen. The *Daily Mail* affair was merely a piece of sporadic mutiny. In regard to the general position it was quite irrelevant, proving nothing save that nerves were on edge on both sides.

Thus a few *Daily Mail* machine-men were allowed to precipitate the greatest and most unnecessary strike that has ever occurred in any country. Their action was a blunder and a crime; but the counteraction of the Government was a thousand times greater blunder and greater crime. It would be incredible, if the Prime Minister himself

had not admitted it in the House of Commons on Wednesday, that it was this incident — the unconsidered action of twenty or thirty irresponsible machine-men — which induced the Cabinet to break off negotiations and make a general strike inevitable. Mr. Baldwin has admitted also that the negotiations seemed at that moment to be on the very verge of success — a 'formula' had at last been discovered which the miners' leaders appeared to be willing to accept. In a few more hours peace would probably have been achieved. But the Prime Minister took up the challenge of the hot-headed employees of the *Daily Mail* and sent the trade-union leaders packing. Words fail us to describe such a decision. Foolish, incomprehensible, idiotic — no epithet seems to be adequate.

For this crucial decision, at any rate, it is not possible to throw any blame either upon the mineowners or upon the miners. On the general merits of the coal dispute we certainly think that the mineowners are in the wrong. They have shown themselves a very stubborn and stupid set of men. But they have only acted, after all, as most owners act in trade disputes. That is to say, they stood out for impossible terms, knowing them to be impossible, but unwilling to make concessions until the real bargaining should begin. For that we cannot reasonably blame them; nor can we blame them for having refused to withdraw their lockout notices. They would, of course, have withdrawn them quickly enough if the Government had insisted upon their doing so; but without some such external pressure they could not be expected to make so great a preliminary concession.

As for the miners, we really do not see that they can be blamed for any single step that they have taken. They are defending a standard of life which for tens of thousands of them is ap-

pallingly low — lower than that of casual unskilled laborers in many other trades. The terms proposed by the owners would have reduced a large proportion of them to the level of bare starvation. They were willing, however, to negotiate, on this and all other questions. The Prime Minister's statement in the House of Commons on Monday, that they had definitely 'refused to accept either a minute extra or a penny off' was utterly untrue. He may have thought it was true; indeed, since he is a truthful man, we suppose he did; but if so he had most woefully failed to understand the situation.

The miners' leaders were willing to discuss certain wage reductions, but they refused, and quite rightly refused, to pledge themselves to any reduction unless they received adequate assurances that some serious attempt would be made by the Government to enforce the reorganization of the industry upon more efficient lines. And no such assurances were forthcoming. Mr. Baldwin, it is true, had said that he was willing to accept the recommendations of the Samuel Commission on this subject, but in view of the impenitent attitude of the owners an assurance of that sort was obviously worth nothing at all, unless the Government was prepared to offer a definite scheme of reorganization, with a promise to enforce it if necessary by legislation. The miners were prepared to face misfortune and to accept a measure of privation for a year or two if they could obtain some real assurance that every effort would be made in the meantime to place the industry on its feet — as it certainly can be placed — within a reasonable period, but they were not prepared to accept immediate and concrete reductions in return for mere platonic expressions of good-will on the part of Mr. Baldwin. And who can say that

they were wrong? They were supported at any rate by the Report of the Royal Commission, whose very first recommendation was that —

Before any sacrifices are asked from those engaged in the industry it shall be definitely agreed that all practicable means for improving its organization should be adopted.

The Royal Commission said further that —

It is necessary, finally, to emphasize the fact that, in our view, revision of the minimum percentage (that is, of wages) should depend upon the acceptance by all parties of such new measures of reorganization as will secure to the industry a new lease of prosperity leading to higher wages.

'All parties,' however, had by no means accepted any such measures; nor had the Government avowed any serious and practical intention of securing reorganization. Yet Mr. Baldwin, while apparently supporting the owners' demand for a longer working day (which the Commission condemned and rejected), complained that it was the men who were refusing to accept the Report — simply because they would not bind themselves in advance to agree to wage reductions.

Upon this attitude some very severe comments might legitimately be made. This is not, however, a moment for any recrimination which can possibly be avoided. What is urgently necessary is simply that the facts of the present situation should be clearly understood. Negotiations, which should never have been broken off, can be resumed at any moment. Whether the strike is to go on for hours or for weeks depends entirely upon the Government — upon its ability, that is to say, to repair its blunder of Sunday night. Negotiations can be reopened as soon as Mr. Baldwin chooses to reopen them. If the coal lockout is canceled the general strike will be instantly canceled. But even without any

such cancellation there is no reason why conversations should not be resumed. The sole obstacle is the attitude of those who believe that it is time the men were 'taught a lesson' and that there must therefore be 'a fight to a finish.' People who think in such fashion do not seem to understand that in struggles of this kind there can be no fight to a finish, nor any lesson taught save how to fight more effectively next time. If the Government has really any worthy lesson to teach, it can only be that reason is more effective than force and that good-will is the great solvent of all such disputes. If the men cannot negotiate they must fight. What else can they do? Are they to surrender and crawl to Downing

Street on their knees. Mr. Baldwin will hardly expect any section of his fellow countrymen to do that. But what then does he expect? To what finish is he fighting? When will he again be willing to talk with men like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes, whom he well knows to be as rational and patriotic as himself. His present *non-possumus* attitude is for him the most unnatural of poses. He can stop the strike within twenty-four hours whenever he pleases, without surrendering anything save his earlier refusal to negotiate. His only alternative is the 'fight to a finish.' But what finish? Is it likely to be a finish that he can justify in the eyes of his fellow countrymen and of the watching world?

SUN SPOTS ON AMERICA'S PROSPERITY

TWO BRITISH SURVEYS

[We have already printed articles and extracts from the English press attributing American prosperity to a new invention in economics. The two articles that follow, from the London *Economist* of May 1 and the London *Statist* of the same date, respectively, view our situation from a rather more skeptical standpoint.]

I. SPECULATING ON THE FUTURE

It has recently been given out on high authority that the total number of passenger motors in the world is rather less than twenty-one millions, and that of these twenty-one millions over seventeen millions are owned in the United States of America. As the

population of the United States is probably about 110,000,000, we are led to the amazing conclusion that apart from motor omnibuses there is one passenger car in use for every six and a half members of the population — men, women, and children. If in imagination we can transfer these figures from America to England, and apply them to our own neighborhood, — suburb, village, or country town, — picturing to ourselves what the place we live in would be like if every household of six people owned and drove a car, with the whole working-class population — laborer, mechanic, typist, daily girl — riding to work in a private motor — if we can envisage

that, then we can conceive the social revolution that lies behind these extraordinary figures. Never before has any country in the world known a general standard of living comparable to this.

Such universal enjoyment of what elsewhere in the world is still regarded as a luxury indicates a very high degree of prosperity and a wonderfully high level of wages. But even prosperity such as the United States possesses and wages such as the workmen earn would not in themselves turn a population of 110,000,000 into motor owners, and the change would not have been possible but for the intensive development of what we know in England as hire-purchase — a commercial device that we have associated until quite recently with many branches of the furniture trade, although the practice has extended to clothing and books. It is possible, for instance, to obtain a complete edition of Kipling by making a small initial payment. During the last few years motors in this line have outdistanced furniture, and both in England and the United States there has been an enormous growth of car-buying by installments. In England it is estimated that sixty per cent, and in America, according to the Index published by the New York Trust Company, about seventy-five per cent, of the new cars sold change hands on these easy terms, the sales by this method in 1925 being put at 2800 million dollars, out of a total of 3750 million; but whereas in England only about one person in a hundred owns a pleasure car, in America, as we have seen, one person in every six or seven is an owner, so that about thirteen million people buy cars by easy stages.

And where the motor trade with its enterprising salesmen has blazed the trail, other industries of choice or

necessity follow on. The mechanic who has paid down his forty-five dollars for a car and committed himself to regular payments for the balance has naturally gone some way to deplete his cash resources, and does not find it as easy as before to buy either the minor luxuries or the necessities of life. He has learned the trick of easy payment from the motor salesman, and is ready to accept the same kind of accommodation from those who supply his other requirements. The fashion has been set, and all sorts of other commodities begin to be bought and sold in the same way. Exact information is unfortunately not available, but the system has grown to such an extent that it is recognized as one of the vital economic facts of the country. Colonel Willey and Mr. Locock, for example, in their report on their visit to the United States which was published by the Federation of British Industries, thought it important enough to be signaled out in a memorandum of only twelve pages. They say: —

The deferred payment or installment plan of business has increased by leaps and bounds, and includes now not only automobiles, furniture, and pianos, but every range of commodities, including clothes, radio sets, and even paint for the house. The financial risk is not taken by the producer, but is insured, and special finance corporations have been formed to take this class of business, which is widely reinsured. The system has certainly acted as an incentive to work in view of the necessity of keeping up regular payments.

Every Victorian instinct that one possesses rises up in protest against this theory of prosperity, with the consumer pawning his future to stimulate output and toiling at his daily task, not to build up laborious savings as future capital, but to pay for the luxuries that he is at present engaged in wearing out. It may be that the old

nineteenth-century ideal of the thrifty workman, saving for old age or for the glorious possibility of passing himself into the ranks of the employers, is out of date, and certainly these two experienced observers were sufficiently impressed with the results to suggest that the hire-purchase system might with great advantage to this country be far more widely adopted here.

But whether installment-purchase is fundamentally sound or not, one thing is clear — that it has set up an entirely new situation in America, and that no one can foresee exactly what will result from it. Colonel Willey and Mr. Locock mention the possibility of a reaction in trade and the complications that may arise when the change comes, but they are so convinced of the firm basis on which American prosperity rests that they say there is at present but little danger. Nevertheless, trade does ebb and flow. From the beginning of time it has ebbed and flowed, and there seems no reason to believe that the Almighty has by dispensation set the United States free of the ordinary laws of action and reaction. The reform of the banking system and the control exercised by the Federal Reserve have gone a long way toward stabilizing trade, but surely no one, however optimistic, can discard the possibility or the likelihood of trade in America at some time receiving a check and a setback.

And if and when this setback comes, the country may be faced with a novel and very interesting problem. Not only is every manufacturer producing at high pressure to meet the present demand, but in many trades, notably in the motor industry, he has 'scheduled' a great increase of production on which the whole policy of his business rests; and while he is planning this greater output for the future, he is still collecting from the consumer the

payment for goods bought months ago and already partially consumed. The country, in fact, may come to its trade reaction with a great industrial programme in full swing, relying on a body of consumers who not merely have not been saving, but are actually in debt to their manufacturers — consumers who are so far from having the accumulations of thrift to draw upon that they are still in pawn for their past luxuries.

This situation is so different from anything we have known in the past that it would be imprudent to dogmatize, and certainly presumptuous for anyone without an intimate recent experience of American conditions to start ringing the alarm bell. But observers in the United States are already sounding a note of caution, pointing out that this hire-purchase can be regarded as a kind of inflation, that the convincing motor salesman may prove to have nullified the careful anti-inflation policy of the banking authorities, and that once the system has become generally popular it is extremely difficult for the manufacturers either to abolish or to restrict it. Whether this is so or not, the position is full of interest; and it would appear to be beyond dispute that the effects of any sudden decline in trade must be aggravated and complicated by the new system of long-term retail credit.

II. HUNTING PROFITS ABROAD

INSTANCES multiply of the way in which the United States is changing its position in the world's capital market; and one is led to believe that one of the greatest experiments in carrying economic theories to their logical conclusions ever experienced is in process of realization. There is protection for manufacturing industries through the tariff, protection for labor

through immigration legislation, protection for commerce and finance through the amazingly exclusionist State legislation on company laws and banking; and there will shortly be, unless all signs fail, some sort of Federal subsidy for agriculture. Costs are being forced up, and the diminution of supplies has little to do with it, while the supposed iniquities of foreign monopolists have still less responsibility. It is the fact that each participant in the economic process wants to thicken his particular layer of profit, and juggles things into such a position that more must come to him, that makes America a country of such uneven, and perhaps basically unwholesome, economic conditions.

European observers are frequently dazzled by the majestic proportions of mass production in America, and the efficiency of the integrated industrial organizations. They rarely stay long enough, or explore deeply enough, to perceive that these phenomena characterize almost exclusively groups of industries enjoying real tariff protection, or great domestic markets. When the tariff does not shut out foreign competition substantially, as in some of the textile industries, visiting observers are likely to find considerably less of the much-advertised efficiency of operation. The same is true when domestic markets are being saturated, or, again, when differences in wage levels are causing concerns in one region to languish and die or move to the place where wages are lower — the experience of the cotton-goods manufacturers, for example, and, to a less extent, of the leather trades in general.

Nor do these observers linger long enough, as a rule, to consider the effect of standardization upon the distributive stages in the process. Not long since a person well informed with regard to the state and progress of an

important manufacturing industry told the writer that only two concerns were left at the manufacturing end of the industry, and that the jobbers were steadily and silently being eliminated. Where there had been eight important jobbers in the Pacific Coast states ten years ago, there were now but two, the rest having gone out of business or into receiverships. Standardization of products has made it easy for retailers to carry adequate supplies of all lines; and the concentrated wealth of the gigantic manufacturing concerns enables them to grant even better credit terms to the retailer than the jobber was accustomed to grant — at least until the jobber has been eliminated. One sees examples of this in quite distinct trades. It is true that there is much resounding satisfaction expressed over the annual showing of these great corporate establishments, but few set themselves the task of adding up the economic loss to the nation as a whole involved in the suppression of free competition among distributors, and the slow transformation of retailers into feudatory retainers, enjoying something not without its analogies with the *precarium* of the small farmers in the later Roman Empire. And one could stop at this point, too, to meditate upon the unwieldiness of these great concentrations of wealth and power after the vigorous personalities whose acumen and aggressiveness brought preëminence have passed away. Often, perhaps usually, these corporations fall a prey to the bureaucratic irresponsibility that is associated with a state of affairs where the daily bread of the employee, high and low, is reasonably guaranteed for the indefinite future.

Many of these glowing appreciations of America's industrial and commercial development — one hears less about her financial achievements — that are

being published in Great Britain, and especially in Germany, might have been differently framed if consideration had been devoted to these factors.

But the most interesting observation of all, perhaps, is the way in which the spiral of cost-increases — or more correctly, perhaps, of profit-contraction — is inducing the industrial aggregations to transport capital abroad. The phenomenon is not quite the same, it should be borne in mind, as the acquisition by, or through, investment bankers in foreign industrial plants offering attractive opportunities for profit. Take, for example, the automobile industry. It is obviously shifting, or preparing in the near future to shift, its main objectives from domestic to foreign markets, and to that end it is acquiring foreign holdings and 'digging in' right on the prospective markets. The domestic establishments will not expand materially; the cost is too great. So, too, the great aluminium industry — dominated by one company — is preparing to produce its metal abroad, perhaps more economically than at home, the prospect being that of eventually-diminishing operations at home, no doubt. As to the copper industry, to which I adverted in my correspondence a few weeks ago, the attempt to establish the Copper

Export Association on a new basis, in the circumstances indicated, represents clearly the shifting of emphasis from production within the United States to production in Africa and Latin America at much lower cost; but no user of copper in Europe or America need calculate that the price to him will be lowered when control over the industry has thus been riveted by the group now dominant therein. Another striking example of the internationalization of capital — or, in any case, its extra-national operation — is the course of the radio-telegraphic industry, controlled from New York, with a solid grip on three, perhaps four, continents.

There can be no fiscal procedure or other form of governmental control adequate to keep track of the resources and policies of corporations such as these. At the outset they are channels for the export of capital and the acquisition of greater profits; in the end they must become a new type of economic entity, and give rise perhaps to a new series of legal concepts and administrative practices in international law. There are many examples of the law lagging far behind the economic situation, and only tardily working out the correlative formulas of rights and obligations.

SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA¹

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

EVER since the beginning of the century England and Egypt have been at loggerheads over the waters of the Nile. Great Britain desires to divert part of those waters from the Nile's upper course — especially from the Blue Nile — to irrigate the arid but fertile plains of the Sudan, which have proved to be excellent cotton country. When Lord Kitchener was Great Britain's representative at Cairo, a plan for this was submitted to the Government of Egypt; but the proposal met violent opposition, as it was thought to threaten that country's very existence. So it was not until shortly before the World War, after long negotiations and the exercise of much pressure on the part of London, that the Egyptian authorities finally reluctantly consented to the erection of the Makwar Dam on the Blue Nile, which will provide water to irrigate about five hundred and thirty square miles of land, in the Gezira district, lying between the White and the Blue Nile.

When the Nationalist movement swept everything before it in Egypt, after the war, this concession was a thorn in the flesh of the Cairo Cabinet. The members knew that the amount of water to be taken from the Blue Nile would not seriously threaten Egypt's supply. Furthermore, in 1920 Lord Allenby promised again, in the name of the British Government, that the quantity called for in the original plan

was all that would ever be diverted. But the Egyptians could not help asking themselves whether such a promise would be kept forever. Moreover, Egypt's population is growing rapidly — almost twice as fast as that of Germany, for instance — and she needs more land for her own people. Her population density is already 417 per square kilometre, while it is only 2.7 in the Sudan itself. In Egypt millions of people depend on agriculture for their daily bread. In the Sudan agriculture is pursued for the profit and convenience of Manchester spinners.

If Egypt and the Sudan were under the same Government the respective interests of the two countries might be reconciled, for all of the Nile's waters are never used for irrigation; great quantities flow undiverted to the sea, and there is plenty for all. Plans have been in existence for a long time to build dams and reservoirs in the vicinity of the Delta to irrigate larger areas there. A single Government might handle all the development along the entire river as one enterprise, and ensure that every part of its riparian area received equal justice.

These were the considerations that have moved successive Egyptian Cabinets, especially the one presided over by the Nationalist leader, Zaghlul Pasha, to assert so vigorously their jurisdiction over the Sudan. Their members do not think their country can be independent unless she controls that territory, for whosoever possesses the Sudan has a strangle hold on Egypt

¹From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), May 3

herself and can starve her into submission at will.

So matters remained at an impasse until November 1924, when certain hot-headed Egyptian conspirators assassinated Sir Lee Stack, the Governor-General of Sudan, at Cairo. Great Britain had a Conservative Cabinet at the time, which promptly seized the chance thus offered to gain a coveted possession for the Empire. So an ultimatum was presented to the Cairo Government demanding that all Egyptian troops be withdrawn from the Sudan and that all restrictions previously in force upon the right to take water from the Nile to irrigate that province should be canceled. Zaghlul Pasha resigned, and a new Cabinet, formed by Ziwar Pasha, without the coöperation of Parliament, accepted Great Britain's demands.

Since then England has managed the Sudan as if it were a British colony. Although the new Governor-General, like his assassinated predecessor, was nominally appointed by the King of Egypt, the Sudan Administration pays no attention whatsoever to Cairo. This was strikingly shown during the ceremonies attending the opening of the Makwar Dam last January, when Sir Geoffrey Archer, the Governor-General, sent King George a telegram assuring him of the 'loyalty of the Sudanese people.' The Egyptians note with growing bitterness that the Khartum authorities act as if the Agreement of 1899 between Egypt and Great Britain, establishing their joint sovereignty over that province, were a dead letter, and treat Egypt's officials at Khartum merely as tolerated guests. Probably the people of Sudan sympathize with the Egyptians, as the two nations are of the same faith, but they are a primitive nation who have no way to express their opinions, unless it be by the tribal rebellions that are con-

stantly breaking out in the remoter districts.

Nor is there any prospect of an immediate change in the political situation. The new elections which the Egyptian Government has been forced to call by the pressure of the united Opposition will presumably give the Nationalist Parties an overwhelming majority, and result in a new Cabinet under Zaghlul Pasha. In view of this prospect, the English authorities have of late been slightly more conciliatory. The Sudan Government has informed the Egyptian Ministry that it is ready to reserve all the waters of the White Nile exclusively for Egypt's use. It has proposed to erect another great dam at Jebel Aulia on the White Nile near Khartum, to ensure a constant supply of water for the lower valley. Surveys have been made for a reservoir with a capacity of 2.1 billion cubic metres, which will make it possible considerably to increase the present cultivable area in Egypt. It is also proposed to transfer the Sudanese population along the White Nile to the territories irrigated by the Makwar Dam on the Blue Nile, in order that there may be no diversion even for riparian crops from the former stream. Other details of this vast enterprise include a reservoir at Lake Albert, the source of the White Nile, and a second retaining dam at Nagh Hamâdi in Upper Egypt.

But the Egyptian Nationalists protest: 'What do all these big projects mean for us so long as they lie outside our jurisdiction. Provided the Government of Sudan is willing, we shall have water. But if that Government changes its mind, it can cut us off in a moment.' On the other hand, England reflects: 'So long as the key to the Nile waters is in Sudan, we can control Egypt and the Suez Canal, even without keeping a military garrison there. But, after all, we are not absolute masters, because

the sources of the Blue Nile, compared with which the White Nile is only a second-class stream, lie outside our jurisdiction — in Abyssinia.'

Tsana Lake, in the northwestern corner of the Abyssinian plateau, is the source of the Blue Nile, whose annual flood is fed by its waters. In order to regulate the flow of that river, therefore, it is necessary to convert this lake into an artificial reservoir. For years that problem has hovered before the minds of British administrators, and as long ago as 1900 Sir Murdock MacDonald, then Undersecretary in the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works, drafted plans for such a project. When the Boundary Treaty between Sudan and Abyssinia was signed in May 1902, England followed it up by an accord with Emperor Menelik for regulating water rights at Tsana Lake and along those portions of the Blue Nile which flow through Abyssinian territory, by which Abyssinia engaged not to build any new irrigation works there, and Great Britain was conceded the right to construct retaining dams at the Lake itself. The Emperor declared himself ready to negotiate further concerning this, subject to the condition that nothing be done that impaired Abyssinia's sovereignty. That very year an Egyptian topographical commission studied the project on the ground, and two years later published its report.

After that the project slept for several years. At last, in 1915, a new mixed commission, consisting of representatives of Egypt, Sudan, and Abyssinia, took up these interrupted labors, and still another body of the same character did some work in 1920. All three commissions agree in their findings, which are to the effect that Tsana Lake ordinarily contains about three and one-half billion cubic metres of water. By blastings and excavations

its capacity can be increased to eight billion cubic metres, which will retain water enough to supply the irrigable lands along the course of the Nile for two years even were there a season without rain or snow. The necessity for so large a reserve is due to the fact that the amount of water in the Lake varies greatly from year to year, and is often considerably less than the minimum supply just mentioned.

In 1906 England, France, and Italy concluded a treaty in which Great Britain was recognized to have special interests in the Nile Basin, which of course includes Tsana Lake; France was given a guaranty for the railway which she was then building from Jibuti on the Red Sea to Addis Abeba, the Abyssinian capital; and Italy was conceded priority right to a concession for a railway connecting her colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland. The last provision contemplated ultimately a railroad from Mogadishu, in Italian Somaliland, through Addis Abeba, to Eritrea. All these agreements stipulated that the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Abyssinia should be respected.

Now that Great Britain has set herself earnestly at work to build up a great irrigation system in the Sudan, Abyssinia has suddenly acquired new importance for her. Quite apart from England's interest in providing her cotton spinners with an ample supply of raw cotton independent of American control, she has an even more vital object in view — the protection of the Suez Canal. If she is to control that narrow highway, upon which the very existence of her Empire depends, she cannot let Egypt become a really sovereign State or control the Sudan. Inasmuch, however, as both the Sudan and Egypt live from the waters of the Nile, the territory that feeds the Nile must be kept in England's hands. We

may therefore expect her next political move to be to fasten her control more firmly over Northwestern Abyssinia.

Shrewdly foreseeing what was in the air, the Abyssinian Prince Regent, Ras Taffari, applied in 1923 for Abyssinia's admission to the League of Nations. England promptly protested; her representatives declared that Abyssinia had not yet abolished the slave trade, and therefore was unworthy to be a member of so high-minded an international body. But when it came out, in the course of the debates, that members of the British Legation in Addis Abeba — to be sure, not born Britishers, but Levantines in the British Government Service — were themselves slaveholders, a quietus was put upon that argument; and Abyssinia was admitted to the League, after engaging to suppress the slave trade. But she would hardly have won her case

without the vigorous support of France, who does not intend to surrender the economic advantages her long and consistent friendship for Abyssinia have gained for her in that country.

Now we learn that England and Italy have negotiated a new agreement regarding their Abyssinian interests. The British assert that they have merely reaffirmed their water rights on Tsana Lake, and the Italians claim that they have only cleared the diplomatic right of way for the railway they propose to build through Abyssinia to connect their African colonies. But Mussolini's eagerness to gain new territories, and Fascist irritation at the stigma of Italy's disastrous defeat by the Abyssinians in 1896, belie such modest aims. At the very least, we may feel sure that Europe is about to bless another backward country with more beneficent 'spheres of influence.'

ENGLAND FIRST

BY ALFRED NOYES

[*Morning Post*]

SELF against Self! And England — what of her?

England, that like a laboring Titan rose
Upright, beneath a load none else could bear,
And shamed the hope of all her envious foes?
They hoped to see her broken; to see her fall.

She towered to her full stature through the night;
And, on her conquering face, before them all,
Caught the first splendor of the world's new light.
Self at blind war with Self, to-day she stands;

As once her Shakespeare, with his heart on fire,
Foretold her; while those eager alien hands

In the outer dark prepare her funeral pyre.
In such a war, the very victors lose!
Each for defeat; or all for England? — Choose.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN INDIA¹

BY LAWRENCE IMPEY

As one travels about in the Far East and observes the growing unrest in China and Japan one cannot but be struck by the constant reports in the daily press which seem to indicate that the unsettled conditions already noted have their counterpart in one form or another throughout the Orient. In the Malay States it is true that firm government has the situation more or less under control, but even there one is told that the authorities feel the danger presaged by the antiforeign movement in China on the one side and the constant activities of agitators from India on the other.

This being so, one is tempted to inquire, 'What is the matter in India, and how is it that conditions there have become so uncertain as to threaten the stability of the whole British Empire?' Naturally enough, this is a question so wide that a dozen answers might be given to it, all of them possessing more than a modicum of truth, and the writer himself has heard fully half a dozen differing but feasible theories propounded by Anglo-Indians all within the space of half an hour's conversation.

Therefore it is that he would not presume to pretend to answer in full the problem which he propounded above, but instead would present a brief consideration of a few aspects of the case as they have been discussed with him, leaving the reader to draw therefrom his own deductions.

¹ From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), April 24

To get at the first cause of the trouble in India to-day it is necessary to go back many years to the moment when Lord Macaulay and the great Sanskrit scholar, Mr. H. H. Wilson, opposed each other in a great debate as to the form of education in India. Wilson, long since forgotten, was in favor of teaching the peoples of India their own religions and their own languages, while Lord Macaulay advocated the ordinary curriculum of an English education, premising that by this means India would be not only Westernized but Christian within a few decades at most. As is well known now, this policy proved to be but a partial success, for, although it may be said that the British did introduce their language and culture into India, that culture remained as but a thin veneer over the fundamental character of the Oriental. Residents in the Far East will readily appreciate the truth and the importance of this fact, for they can study very similar conditions in either China or Japan and deduce therefrom the difficulty which now besets the governing power in India.

Then too it should be noted that in the early days the British sent comparatively few of their number to India in positions of authority, and these few were men of notable intellect and character who could not fail to acquire great influence over the natives. As methods of transit grew better and trade increased the number of whites coming to the country was naturally augmented, but unfortunately the quality

of these newcomers could not be maintained at the previous standard for this very reason, while at the same time many Indians were traveling West and seeing for themselves the frailties and fallacies of Occidental civilization. These two factors have had a great and ever-increasing influence on the political situation during the past fifty years, and when taken into consideration in conjunction with an appreciation of Indian character they enable one to realize to some extent the causes of the unrest at the present time.

Foreigners who have studied the native in different parts of India for many years have told the writer most emphatically that the theory that the Indian is by nature spiritual is a fallacy, and that what appears to be spirituality is mainly laziness induced by the climate. It is less tiring, say they, for the Oriental to consider and discuss the possibilities of eternity than to face the hard realities of existence, as long as he can find a shady spot in which to squat and a mouthful of food and a pipeful of tobacco to solace him. The Indian in particular is intensely sentimental, and lacks entirely the scientific and critical spirit. A good orator himself, he is easily moved to passion by a public speaker, and having no sense of the value of time he will listen with enjoyment to the most interminable debates, appreciating to the full the most hairsplitting of arguments and the subtlest of theorizings. The mentality of the Indian is not only different from that of the Occidental in almost every particular, but from its very nature it is specially susceptible to political ideas. This incompatibility of temperament which is so noticeable throughout India, taken in conjunction with the fact that the very ordinary English official of the present day expects to remain upon the pedestal erected for the giants of the time of the Mutiny, has pro-

duced an ever-widening social gulf. The British are naturally and ineradicably conservative; they are prejudiced against bare feet, betel-chewing, and a hundred other customs that are second nature to the Oriental. On the other hand, the Indian is equally conservative on his side; he thinks the pocket handkerchief unnecessary, the cocktail a folly, the foreign women an indecency, and Western speed and efficiency totally undesirable. But although this is the case with the majority of the natives, there is the large and increasing class of student who has been to Europe or America for a time and imbibed there all the worst and little of the best that is there to be acquired. This has been brought back to India and cast into the political melting pot to make confusion worse confounded, for the mass of returned students with training in jurisprudence can find nothing better to occupy their time than to plunge into a whirlpool of agitation and sedition, in which pursuit they are encouraged and seconded by the paid agents from Soviet Russia and elsewhere.

These revolutionists are enabled to foment strife and discord in India as a result of one salient fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the governing class — namely, the growing unpopularity of imperialism in its old form. On the day when self-determination of nations was first quoted at the Versailles Conference the first seeds of political unrest throughout the Orient were sown, and when autonomy became a recognized word in the language of international politics, and was definitely proclaimed as one of the ideals of the British Commonwealth, the present régime in India was doomed. It is inevitable that autonomy for India should come, sooner or later; the only question is how and when?

Unfortunately the whole British pol-

icy in the country has for many years been vitiated by the fact that it is a weak and wobbling compromise which achieves nothing constructive. India can be ruled as a dependency, or she can be given autonomy, but it is impossible to follow a middle course that shall satisfy as many shades of opinion as possible. This has been the endeavor of the Government of late years, and hence the continual petty tinkering, the everlasting minor concessions to prevent an outbreak of popular feeling, though in point of fact this policy has had very little success in this direction as far as one can judge. The result is that while ten or even five years ago it might have been possible to give India a form of Dominion Home Rule which would have pacified and contented her, the present state of unrest indicates a grave danger of secession from the Empire altogether whenever her opportunity occurs. It is in reality the old Irish problem over again but on a larger scale, and the politicians show as little signs of comprehending its dangers as did the British Government at the inception of Sinn Fein.

It is no use being deceived by telegrams from the press agencies announcing religious riots in India, or by statements to the effect that the 'sober' elements demand a continuance of British sovereignty. Doubtless there is a certain class that does still support the 'Raj' in India, but on the other hand there are arrayed against it the student class, many of the merchants, and not a few of the politicians of the native States, who foresee in the abolition of British rule and the vanishing of law and order the opportunity for looting and territorial expansion of an unprecedented kind. Recognizing that Indian autonomy must come sooner or later, we may say that the practical side of the problem at present involves — first, some fair scheme for the inter-

nal and State autonomy of the country; secondly, the building up of an Indian army and navy that shall be strong enough to guard the frontiers from invasion; thirdly, the safeguarding of British trade interests and investments; fourthly, the welfare of the minority religions from intolerance or persecution; and fifthly, the security of the position and pay of those English officials in governmental employment who care to remain, and the safeguarding of the pensions of those who have retired from the Indian Service.

It is this latter point that one hears discussed everywhere in India at the present time, for what the English official in the country is primarily concerned with is the education and support of his family. Many have indicated to the writer their apprehension that when autonomy comes to India the Government to be will reduce salaries and refuse to continue pension remittances — an act which would have one logical remedy, a declaration of war on the part of England. Such a solution would naturally be distasteful to the British public as a whole, which has but little understanding of conditions overseas, and it is for this reason that the District Commissioner, the Inspector of Police, the medical services, and all the thousands of officials who are doing their best for India to-day, hope to find security for their rights clearly defined by existing laws and regulations before any changes in the direction of autonomy are made. One cannot believe that any of these various problems in India are incapable of solution, but one must recognize with regret that they have not as yet been tackled. For the sake of peace in India — and this has a most important bearing on the welfare of the Far East as a whole — a full and comprehensive policy for the future should be worked out now, and without hesitation and delay.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. VI¹

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

EARLY in January 1914 a certain Lieutenant M—— of the Japanese artillery, who had been sent to Siberia by the Tokyo War Office, arrived at Irkutsk, and, putting up at a hotel, immediately advertised for room and board in a good Russian family. It was not unusual for Japanese officers to be sent to Russia and for Russian officers to be sent to Japan under a friendly arrangement between the two Governments, in order to learn the languages of those countries. But Russian officers thus sent to Japan were always regarded as suspicious characters by the authorities there. They were kept under constant surveillance and their correspondence was regularly, and often clumsily, opened and read. Some protests had been registered with our War Department about this, but had been disregarded by our military authorities.

I surmised, however, that if the Japanese watched our officers in their country so sharply it meant that their own officers in our country were up to something. So I decided to keep Lieutenant M—— under my eye and to watch his correspondence. Consequently, when his advertisement was brought to my office I seized the chance to lodge him in an apartment under my own supervision.

With this in view I summoned one of my agents who was just moving into a comfortable new home and ordered him

to call on Lieutenant M—— immediately and offer him a room. This agent wore the uniform of one of our civilian services. Lieutenant M—— gladly accepted the lodgings my assistant offered him, and moved into them that day. He was given a large, pleasantly furnished apartment which could be easily watched. A connection was arranged with the adjoining room so that every word of a conversation, even a whisper, in the Lieutenant's room could be heard by the listener on the other side of the wall. Unknown to Lieutenant M——, the house had several outside entrances, and a secret telephone. The postman who delivered letters in this street was in my employ, and the Lieutenant's correspondence was carefully examined before it was delivered. Another of my agents in the post office saw to it that all letters mailed by the Lieutenant were likewise scrutinized by us before being dispatched to their destinations. None of these letters ever showed the slightest trace of having been opened. In that respect at least we were more skillful than the Japanese.

Lieutenant —— spent the first day after he was settled in his new quarters making a round of official calls. That evening he put on a civilian suit and strolled up and down the principal thoroughfare of Irkutsk. After a time he turned a corner and made straight for Siraisi's laundry, which he entered through the back door, showing that he knew all about the place. Chao, who had been shadowing him, dropped into

¹ From a Confidential Journal. Copyright by the Living Age Company. All publication rights reserved.

the laundry a few minutes later. His visits to Siraisi were now so frequent that they aroused no suspicion. Chao had also come in through the yard, as the front door of the laundry was already locked. Lieutenant M—— had left the gate ajar, so Chao was able to enter without making a noise, and to listen for a minute or two at Siraisi's door before knocking. He overheard Lieutenant M—— describing to Siraisi, in the respectful tone of a man addressing his superior, the details of his journey and his first impressions of Irkutsk. In making this report he called Siraisi 'Major.'

Chao, fearing lest he might be detected eavesdropping, knocked at the door after catching these first words. Siraisi welcomed him cordially and introduced him to his caller, saying that the Lieutenant had just come to Irkutsk to study Russian and had been so courteous as to call on him in order to learn how his fellow countrymen in the city were faring. Siraisi affected an excessively respectful attitude toward Lieutenant M——, thanking him profusely for the honor of his visit. The Lieutenant, however, was not an equally good actor. He alternated his manner several times during the conversation, now speaking familiarly to Siraisi as to a social inferior, and again addressing him with deep respect. This byplay amused Chao hugely.

After leaving Siraisi's place Lieutenant M—— returned to his lodgings and, as proved to be his invariable custom, wrote for an hour or so in what we later discovered was his diary. He spent the next day strolling around the city making purchases, or in his room reading Japanese books.

After this first favorable opportunity Chao profited by the officer's absence to run through his diary. As a piece of literature it was an utter failure, for it contained only a dry list of the places

he had been to, the things he had done every hour and minute of the day. But we knew that as well as he did already. The only interesting entry was under the date of his visit to Siraisi. It read: —

'This afternoon I called on the Major. He gave me a rather cold reception. He showed great anger after reading the letter I brought him from the General Staff. He asked me about my journey. Just then a Chinaman came in, whereupon the Major instantly changed his manner and acted the part of a poor laundryman. He introduced me as a lieutenant. I understood at once what it meant, but, not being trained in my new part, made several blunders, and the Major got angry again. After the Chinaman left he gave me a calling-down and forbade me to visit him again until I had learned how to play my part. He ordered me not to associate with the other Japanese and to devote myself entirely to my studies. If he needed me he would let me know through the Head Post Office. I do not know where this office is, and was too much disturbed to ask the Major.'

Lieutenant M——'s letters were as stupid and uninteresting as his diary. Things ran on in this way about a month, until late one night when my agent, the Lieutenant's landlord, called me up on his secret telephone and asked me to send an interpreter at once because Lieutenant M—— had a visitor. I immediately sent Chao, who came back three hours later with the following report: —

At 11 P.M., after Lieutenant M—— had retired, a Japanese who spoke fluent Russian called upon him. The landlord awakened Lieutenant M—— to announce the visitor, but he did not give him the latter's card, saying that he had dropped it in the dark hallway. Lieutenant M—— asked him

to show the visitor to his room immediately. The two greeted each other heartily and engaged in animated conversation. That was when the agent telephoned for an interpreter. Until the latter came he watched the friends through a tiny aperture in the door, his wife replacing him when he went to the restaurant to buy some drinks ordered by Lieutenant M——. Chao then came in and replaced the agent's wife.

Chao had never seen the newcomer before, and he had no idea who he was, but gathered from his appearance that he must be an army officer, older than Lieutenant M—— and his senior in rank. The conversation confirmed this. The men talked for a long time but without saying anything important. The newcomer tossed off several glasses of vodka, but the Lieutenant drank only wine, and that very moderately. At two o'clock the visitor left and, shadowed by my agents, went directly to a Japanese brothel, where he disappeared through the doors of the keeper's private apartment, and did not come out again.

The only word on the visiting card that Chao handed me was 'Miamura.' I at once took every precaution to keep an eye on all the movements of this famous Japanese spy. It was thanks to his visit that we discovered most of the secrets of his country's espionage service in Siberia, for we listened in to practically all of his long conversations with Lieutenant M—— at the latter's lodging.

During his stay in Irkutsk, which lasted nearly a month, Miamura called at least once, and sometimes twice, a day upon the Lieutenant. We learned from their talks together that Miamura was a Japanese officer in active service, serving on the Staff of the Kwangtung military district. He was an experienced spy, and he had worked in

Russia from the very beginning of his military career, before the Russo-Japanese War. He had resided in Vladivostok and Harbin, and had often traveled across Siberia and studied its geography and social and economic conditions. During the war of 1904 Miamura had penetrated to the rear of the Russian army disguised as a Chinaman and had secured there valuable information for the Japanese Staff. He had later lived in Port Arthur, which was the headquarters of his service, and had made many trips to Russia on special missions. He was not permitted to stay in Siberia very long, however, because of his fondness for vodka, which was well known to his superiors. But the latter always employed him on special missions requiring quick action, a ready wit, and great boldness. His purpose in coming to Irkutsk this time was to discover how Katzan's relation with the Japanese spy service had been detected, and how much had come out during the trial, which was not allowed to be reported in the Russian newspapers.

We also learned from this source that Katzan had entered the Japanese service through an accident. In 1913 Hiroto Minori, who proved to be a Foreign Office employee who had worked in several of Japan's Far Eastern consulates and even at her Embassy at Petrograd, had stopped at Irkutsk for three days on business. When he called on the Commanding General, the orderly who assisted him with his overcoat attracted his notice as being an exceptionally fine-looking, obliging soldier, with a striking red beard. He also observed that this fellow took the gold piece which he gave him as a tip with unusual eagerness, as if he were in urgent need of money. Late that night, while strolling idly through the streets, Hiroto met the soldier again and, recognizing him at

once by his beard, spoke to him, whereupon the man, who was already partly intoxicated, explained that he was having a good time with the money the Japanese had given him that morning.

Thereupon Hiroto Minori invited the fellow to come somewhere and have a drink. Katzan suggested Srul's place, and it was there that Hiroto got him drunk and persuaded him to sign the contract agreeing to serve the Japanese, which the soldier himself wrote out from Hiroto Minori's dictation. As soon as he had signed this paper, Katzan received his first hundred rubles — a month's pay in advance. On the very next day Katzan, in accordance with Hiroto's instructions, brought the General's letters to Siraisi's laundry before he took them to the Chief of Staff. There they were opened and the more important ones photographed. The second day he did the same. Having thus assured himself that Katzan was keeping his end of the bargain, Hiroto went on to Petrograd, leaving matters in Siraisi's charge.

About this time the military attaché at the Japanese Embassy in Petrograd was instructed by his Government to procure from the Russian Ministry of Communications the latest maps of the Siberian and Transbaikal railroads, which had been rebuilt after the Russo-Japanese War, double-tracked, and provided with a great number of new buildings and sidings. These improvements were practically finished in 1913, but the Japanese had no exact information regarding them.

After the Embassy found itself unable to procure these maps and plans at Petrograd, it decided to try the railway's division offices at Omsk and Irkutsk. When Hiroto first visited the latter city in 1913 the Japanese had already tampered with an employee in the Omsk office, who had promised to get them the maps of the western

section of the road; but they had made no progress at Irkutsk, although the chief engineer of the Transbaikal section, who had his office there, was known to be a drunken, dissipated fellow. Siraisi was ordered to do the job, but he failed, and Hiroto had to come out to follow up the matter.

That was his errand on the occasion when he eluded us by leaving the train at Innokentievskaja station, driving to Irkutsk, and then dropping mysteriously out of sight. After dismissing his cab that day, he had gone directly to the Japanese brothel I have mentioned, whose keeper, as we learned later, handled all the mail and the money of the Japanese spies employed in that part of Siberia. While staying at this place he communicated with Siraisi and ascertained how Katzan was doing. Finding that the orderly's service was satisfactory, the fellow was offered an extra inducement to secure the name and address of the chief construction engineer. Katzan agreed to do so. It chanced to be precisely when the latter was delivering this information to Hiroto that my agent saw the two together and lost the latter's trail at the National Restaurant.

That very evening, as we afterward discovered, Hiroto had hired a conveyance to take him to the next station on the railway line east of Irkutsk, where he boarded a train for Manchuria Station on the Russian frontier. He secured the exclusive use of a compartment on the train by giving a liberal tip to the conductor. When the train reached Manchuria Station Hiroto left it, carrying a small traveling bag; and, jumping on a Chinese cart that was waiting for him, rode over to Manchuria Village. From that point he easily crossed the Russian border into China. Subsequently, after Katzan had been sent back to his regiment by the General and was no longer able to supply

Siraisi with documents from Headquarters, Miamura was sent to Irkutsk to investigate the situation, as Hiroto was too busy to come. It was then that Miamura had the interview with Katzan at Srul's hotel which the proprietor had overheard and reported to me. All this we learned by overhearing the conversation between the latter officer and Lieutenant M——.

From the same source we ascertained these facts concerning the Siraisi: The elder man was a major of the Japanese Staff, who had resided in Port Arthur, disguised as a laundryman, before our war with Japan, when it was still in Russia's possession. His successful services there had caused him to be entrusted with the management of the whole espionage service in Siberia, which he was now conducting from his laundry in Irkutsk. He was a very clever man, but also exceedingly cautious. In fact he was too prudent to render the best possible service to his country. His assistant, whom he called his brother, was a lieutenant of engineers, and an extremely morose and unsociable man. This fellow confined himself to photographing documents, opening correspondence, and counterfeiting seals. Of the three laundry employees, two were noncommissioned officers, both of whom spoke some Russian. One of them was a trained detective who was used for outside work and knew how to manufacture cigarettes. The third employee was the only real laundryman in the establishment, and did all of its actual work.

The brothel keeper was a captain of the Reserve. His establishment's linen was taken to Siraisi's laundry to be washed twice a week, and all the latter's correspondence and documents were carried back and forth in these laundry packages. When it was urgent for anything to be dispatched immedi-

ately, an extra bundle of linen was made up.

Every week, and sometimes more frequently, as the occasion of the service demanded, Japanese women inmates of the brothel left Irkutsk on the pretext of going back to Japan for medical treatment. They were always accompanied as far as Chang-Chun by a servant, and carried, concealed in their apparel, the secret documents that were sent to Japan — because women, especially sick women, were never carefully searched at the border. The women who went home were immediately replaced by others, who brought Siraisi in the same manner instructions and other papers from the Japanese intelligence service at Chang-Chun.

A Japanese captain resided at Chita, where he ran a Japanese store that really belonged to his Government. He was in charge of the whole espionage service east of Lake Baikal. The clerks in his store were also professional spies. He was second in rank to Siraisi, and often visited Irkutsk.

Miamura's conversations with Lieutenant M——, especially when he got voluble with vodka, thus proved a fruitful source of information. We learned, among other things, the mysterious story of Major Maori of the Japanese military attaché's office in Petrograd. When I was at Omsk inspecting the work of my department in 1913, I received a telegram from my lieutenant in Irkutsk telling me that this Major Maori had stopped for several days in that city on his way from Petrograd to Japan. After calling on the Commanding General he had put on civilian clothing and strolled through the city. In the course of his walk he had posted a large package at a letter box. We secured possession of this package and opened it. It contained a very complete plan of the

Trans-Siberian Railway, showing all the new constructions and changes of line up to that date. We showed this plan to our Chief of Staff, but that officer was unwilling to authorize us to detain and search Major Maori, on account of his diplomatic status.

Fearing that Maori would escape punishment, I personally wired to the Chief of Staff in Petrograd insisting upon his immediate arrest. My telegram had the desired effect, and an order was given to do so. But by this time the enterprising spy had left the city. My lieutenant wired to Chita, however, and he was arrested there and taken from the train despite his vigorous protests. We discovered in

his luggage a map of the railway similar to the one he had posted at Irkutsk, and many other documents that proved clearly his espionage activities in Russia. When Major Maori realized that all his secrets had been discovered, and that further protests were useless, he requested permission to dispatch two telegrams, one to the General Staff at Tokyo and the other to the Military Attaché at Petrograd. They were almost identical in wording. In them he apologized to the Russian and Japanese Governments for his indiscretion. The one to Tokyo contained his resignation, and ended with the following words: 'I acted on my own authority, without instructions from anybody.'

A SKIPPER'S LOG¹

BY A LINER CAPTAIN

March 6. Genoa. — They're slow getting the baggage aboard. Our papers were ready at noon, but the last trunk and bundle were not on board until 4 p.m. After we finally started, we had to anchor again because the cable of the tug fouled our right propeller. At length we left, at 5 p.m., running into a fresh wind and heavy head seas from the south. Among our Genoa passengers are this season's members of the Italian troupe at the Metropolitan Opera. Jolly devils, every one of them. I have carried several of them before. But they don't take well with the other first-class passengers, and I expect we

shall have trouble all the way over. The gentlemen have a habit of calling themselves married. T—— introduced to me a lady, who is traveling with him, as his wife. These artists, when they are really married, generally do as we sailors do — leave their wives at home and save their pennies.

March 7. Naples. — We tie up at Immacolatella. Emigrant inspection goes off smoothly. Lots of women and crying babies. I never like that. It makes me feel as if my own children were crying. I am impressed again by the frequency with which the word *mangiare* — 'eating' — occurs in the talk of our Italians, especially those from the South. For them the stomach is the

¹From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), April 15

constant theme of conversation. No sooner do they get aboard than they begin: 'I have n't had a bite since I left home.' . . . 'My food sticks in my throat.' . . . 'I simply cannot get down my grub.' Another complains to everyone he meets: 'I've paid one hundred lire a day for my passage, and now I can't enjoy the meals.'

A fireman named Zappala Carnelo has fallen from an iron gangway landing to the floor of the fireroom, about eight metres. We have sent him ashore and hired a substitute. A bad beginning.

March 8. At sea. — We left at 2 P.M. Every cabin berth taken and 2572 people in the third class. We are drawing 24.8 feet aft and 24.4 feet forward. This evening the usual manœuvres began in the Winter Garden. An American had three chorus girls in there carrying on as he might at some red-light restaurant. I've given orders to stop it.

March 10. At sea. — Clear weather with a fresh breeze. A 292-knot run. I've ordered the Winter Garden closed nights and have doubled the electric lights on the promenade deck. These Americans are a hundred times worse than the poor chorus girls. And they're all said to be from Philadelphia, the Quaker City.

March 11. At sea. — Clear weather and a fresh breeze. But we're making only 15.9 knots. The chief engineer says that we are making the usual number of revolutions and imagines that the current must be against us—extraordinary in the Mediterranean. He also reports an injury to the right propeller. Always the right propeller! Anyway, we are losing time. One of the passengers, Signor C——, the son of the lady of the same name who has cut such a figure in Genoa, has been specially recommended to me. Papa is sending him to America 'to make his for-

tune.' A rather forlorn hope, I imagine. He has struck up a close friendship with Mr. Hooley, the American of the Winter Garden episode. But that gentleman is already rich and can allow himself some extravagances. Trouble at the doctor's table. An ill-mannered fellow there began to rag two young Canadian priests. This evening his remarks became offensive. I've had to call the fellow into my cabin and tell him to behave himself.

March 12-13. At sea. — Rough weather. The ship is pitching rather uncomfortably against a head sea. 394 knots. This evening we passed between Pico and San Jorge, anchoring at 9 P.M. in front of Horta.

March 14. — Had to wait until 10 A.M. to make the harbor. Entered under too much headway and injured the anchor gear. Loaded 160 tons of coal very rapidly. My bill amounts to £187.8.11, but if coal costs 27s.6d., as I was told it would at Genoa, there is an undercharge of £12. I note it in my letter of advice to the office, but O. K. the bill without saying anything. Sail at 7.30 P.M. in nasty weather for the south edge of the Gulf Stream.

March 15-16. At sea. — Strong head winds. 360 knots. A violent squall this evening with heavy rain. Then the wind turned. Evidently we are in the centre of the depression, which is accompanying us westward. Two young married women, who are always together, were the only ladies at table to-day. Their solicitude for their little children brought them to the dining-room. Other passengers in their berths.

March 17. At sea. — High winds from the northeast with rain and exceedingly rough water. I slowed down at 3.30 this morning to three-quarters speed. At 8 A.M. resumed full speed. Experimented with fish oil ejected through the drains, with excellent results. 313 miles. We are in touch with the

Lucania on the west-southwest, and with the Provence of the Fabre Line. The latter vessel reports herself in the midst of a furious storm coming from the north. Waves 7.8 metres high and 156 metres from crest to crest.

March 18. At sea. — Still rough and rainy. Wind shifts again toward evening. At 5.30 P.M. we ship a wave over the starboard bow, flooding the deck. I order the engineer to slow down and iron deadlights placed over the ports. Have to slow down still more for engine adjustment. Resume at full speed later. 346 miles.

March 20. — At six o'clock this morning we picked up the Fire Island light-ship. At 10.30 we took on board a pilot, at noon we were at quarantine, and at four o'clock at the wharf. For two days we have been navigating through dense fog. As soon as we passed quarantine I turned in to my berth and fell sound asleep.

March 26. New York. — Cargo is aboard, our cabins are full, and we are carrying 977 third-class passengers. We left at one o'clock, dropping our pilot at 3.30. We were scarcely out of the harbor when a woman named Spalla Vitanonia died. She came from Cleveland, and had been in America only three months. That is all we know about her. Perhaps she left children.

March 27. At sea. — Head winds. 272 miles. I have discovered among the second-class passengers a doctor named Bussi whom I brought over on a previous trip. He had then been in Argentina, out in the pampas, where he had made lots of money. He was paid mileage for visiting his patients — the farther away the sick man, the bigger the fee. Apparently imagining distances were still greater in the United States, he came to New York with his savings, full of anticipation of making

a vast fortune practising there. Now he is going back, glum and discouraged, in the second class. I suppose he has lost everything.

March 29. At sea. — After a bit of nasty weather we have struck clear skies and blue water. Many of our cabin passengers are prosperous Italian-Americans going back home on a visit. They have no idea how to behave in a first-class cabin, and spend most of their time playing cards with gorgeous Neapolitan packs that look like florists' lithographs. After each meal the stewards have to shoo them out of the dining saloon as you would a flock of chickens. Finally they scatter, most of them going down into the steerage, where their friends are — or their relatives. We have husbands traveling second-class whose wives and children are in the steerage. Chivalrous people! I have also got the Bishop of Santo Domingo on board. He will talk of nothing but the remains of Columbus, which he pretends to have in his cathedral. He always drinks Xeres and Truxillo wines, insisting that any other kind of wine, even though it may be Spanish, makes him violently seasick.

March 30. At sea. — One of our first-class passengers, a newly rich Italian-American, objected when the first steward asked him to put on a collar at dinner: 'What! I pay five hundred dollars for my passage. Have I got to put on a collar besides?' He said this in broken English, to make it more impressive.

March 31. At sea. — One of our steerage passengers named Strameglia Sabino, a young fellow twenty-two years old, has died of nephritis. Two deaths so far! This poor fellow was nearly gone when they brought him on board. He was one of the many who have been picked clean by the doctors and their fellow countrymen. Then they shipped him off to sea to die there out of sight.

April 1. At sea. — Seven o'clock this morning we buried Sabino at sea. Some of our cabin passengers, having discovered that the Bishop of Santo Domingo will drink only Truxillo wine, have started out to try every vintage and brand we have on board. There is a regular competition to pick out odd and unusual varieties. It all goes to the profit of the bar. Our Italian-Americans have great arguments over how to act in society. One asserted that cheese was always served before sweets, and, in order to prove himself an authority on the subject, declared that he had observed this when dining with the Italian Ambassador at Washington and with the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. But a little later he got confused in his argument and said in his country cheese was always served as an hors d'œuvre.

A party of American passengers, all 'schoolma'ams,' who are going to see Florence and Rome, have been taking lessons in eating macaroni. They surely have some experts at their table who are well qualified to teach them. When dinner was over, they all shook hands with great laughter, their fingers mussy with macaroni, cheese, and Italian sauce.

April 2. At sea. — Good Friday. The Bishop of Santo Domingo celebrated Mass, but we discovered that the only man on board who knew enough about the ceremony to assist him was our second quartermaster, a certain Saglietto Lazzaro, from Port Maurice.

April 3. At sea. — At ten o'clock this morning we were off Tarifa. One of the third-class passengers, a regular Neapolitan professional, but a little Americanized, has robbed four immigrants. He was caught in the act. We have discovered that two of my stokers, young fellows who look like sharpers, are his accomplices. The Bishop of Santo Domingo insisted on visiting the men after their arrest in order to preach them a moral homily. But he spoke half in Spanish and the fellows did not understand a word. We have a regular band of thieves on board. Several watches have been stolen in the second-class cabin.

April 5. Naples. — Arrived at 2 P.M. Have had the police on board and a careful search made for stolen articles, but without result.

April 7. Genoa. — Left Naples at 4 P.M. yesterday with about five hundred immigrants, whom we are to transship here for South America. All well at home. The baby still knows me.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS¹

BY JOHN MORLEY

[WHEN Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads: First Series* appeared in 1866 no criticism did more to strike the note for general disapproval than the following article, which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for August 4 of that year. It was chiefly on the basis of this review that the publisher, Moxon, withdrew *Poems and Ballads* from sale. Not until December 20, 1923, was the authorship of the review generally known; at that time Sir Edmund Gosse revealed that it had been written by the late Lord (then Mr. John) Morley. As Sir Edmund pointed out, Swinburne's later knowledge that Morley had been its author did not keep the poet from forming a fast friendship with him or from becoming a regular contributor to the *Fortnightly* under Morley's editorship.]

It is mere waste of time, and shows a curiously mistaken conception of human character, to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which the critic may happen to prefer. An artist, at all events an artist of such power and individuality as Mr. Swinburne, works as the character compels him. If the character of his genius drives pretty exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, we may be very sorry, but it is of no use to advise him and to preach to him. What becomes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower of the pleasant fragrance of the rose or

¹From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), May

the fruitfulness of the fig tree? Mr. Swinburne is much too stoutly bent on taking his own course to pay attention to critical monitions as to the duty of the poet, or any warnings of the worse than barrenness of the field in which he has chosen to labor. He is so firmly and avowedly fixed in the attitude of revolt against the current notions of decency and dignity and social duty that to beg of him to become a little more decent, to fly a little less persistently and gleefully to the animal side of human nature, is simply to beg him to be something different from Mr. Swinburne. It is a kind of protest which his whole position makes it impossible for him to receive with anything but laughter and contempt. A rebel of his calibre is not to be brought to a better mind by solemn little sermons on the loyalty which a mind owes to virtue. His warmest prayer to the gods is that they should

Come down and redeem us from virtue.

His warmest hope for men is that they should change

The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.

It is of no use, therefore, to scold Mr. Swinburne for groveling down among the nameless, shameless abominations which inspire him with such frenzied delight. They excite his imagination to its most vigorous efforts, they seem to him the themes most proper for poetic treatment, and they suggest ideas which, in his opinion, it is highly to be wished that English men and women would

brood upon and make their own. He finds that these fleshly things are his strong part, so he sticks to them. Is it wonderful that he should? And, at all events, he deserves credit for the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of the schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière. It is not everybody who would ask us all to go hear him tuning his lyre in a sty. It is not everybody who would care to let the world know that he found the most delicious food for poetic reflection in the practices of the great island of the Ægean, in the habits of Messalina, of Faustina, of Pasiphaë. Yet these make up Mr. Swinburne's version of the dreams of fair women, and he would scorn to throw any veil over the pictures which kindle, as these do, all the fires of his imagination in their intensest heat and glow.

It is not merely 'the noble, the nude, the antique' which he strives to reproduce. If he were a rebel against the fat-headed Philistines and poor-blooded puritans who insist that all poetry should be such as may be wisely placed in the hands of girls of eighteen, and as fit for the use of Sunday schools, he would have all wise and enlarged readers on his side. But there is an enormous difference between an attempt to revivify among us the grand old pagan conception of Joy and an attempt to glorify all the bestial delights that the subtleness of Greek depravity was able to contrive. It is a good thing to vindicate passion, and the strong and large and rightful pleasures of sense, against the narrow and inhuman tyranny of shriveled anchorites. It is a very bad and silly thing to try to set up the pleasures of sense in the seat of the reason they have dethroned. And no language is too strong to condemn the mixed violence and childishness of depicting the spurious passion of a pu-

trescent imagination, the unnamed lusts of sated wantons, as if they were the crown of character, and their enjoyments the great glory of human life.

The only comfort about the present volume is that such a piece as 'Anactoria' will be unintelligible to a great many people, and so will the fevered folly of 'Hermaphroditus,' as well as much else that is nameless and abominable. Perhaps if Mr. Swinburne can a second and third time find a respectable publisher willing to issue a volume of the same stamp, crammed with pieces which many a professional vendor of filthy prints might blush to sell if he only knew what they meant, English readers will gradually acquire a truly delightful familiarity with these unspeakable foulnesses; and a lover will be able to present to his mistress a copy of Mr. Swinburne's latest verses with a happy confidence that she will have no difficulty in seeing the point of every allusion to Sappho, or the placing of Hermaphroditus, or the embodiment of anything else that is loathsome and horrible. It will be very charming to hear a drawing-room discussion on such verses as these, for example:—

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.

The shameless nameless love that makes
Hell's iron gin
Shut on you like a trap that breaks
The soul, Faustine.

And when your veins were void and dead,
What ghosts unclean
Swarmed round the straitened barren bed
That hid Faustine?

What sterile growths of sexless root
Or epicene?
What flower of kisses without fruit
Of love, Faustine?

We should be sorry to be guilty of anything so offensive to Mr. Swinburne as we are quite sure an appeal to

the morality of all the wisest and best men would be. The passionate votary of the goddess whom he hails as 'Daughter of Death and Priapus' has got too high for this. But it may be presumed that common sense is not too insulting a standard by which to measure the worth and place of his new volume. Starting from this sufficiently modest point, we may ask him whether there is really anything in women worth singing about except 'quivering flanks' and 'splendid supple thighs,' 'hot sweet throats' and 'hotter hands than fire,' and their blood as 'hot wan wine of love.' Is purity to be expunged from the catalogue of desirable qualities? Does a poet show respect to his own genius by gloating, as Mr. Swinburne does page after page and poem after poem, upon a single subject and that subject kept steadily in a single light? Are we to believe that having exhausted hot lustfulness, and wearying the reader with a luscious and nauseating iteration of the same fervid scenes and fervid ideas, he has got to the end of his tether? Has he anything further to say, and any further poetic task but to go on again and again about

The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise,

and to invite a new Félise to

Kiss me once hard, as though a flame
Lay on my lips and made them fire?

Mr. Swinburne's most fanatical admirers must long for something newer than a thousand times repeated talk of

Stinging lips wherein the hot sweet brine
That Love was born of burns and foams like wine,
and

Hands that sting like fire,
and of all those women

. . . swift and white
And subtly warm, and half perverse,
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,
And, like a snake's love, lithe and fierce.

This stinging and biting, these 'lithe lascivious regrets,' all this talk of snakes and fire, of blood and wine and brine, of perfumes and poisons and ashes, grow sickly and oppressive on the senses. Every picture is hot and garish with this excess of flaming violent color. Consider the following stanzas:—

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced
bosom

Drips, reddening round the blood-red blossom,
The slow delicious bright soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame had deadened,
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Or these from the verses to 'Dolores,' so admirable for their sustained power and their music, if hateful on other grounds:—

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.

Thy skin changes country and color,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes.
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?

From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?
 Hast thou left upon earth a believer
 If these men are dead?

It was too rashly said, when *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared, that Mr. Swinburne had drunk deep at the springs of Greek poetry, and had profoundly conceived and assimilated the divine spirit of Greek art. *Chastelard* was enough to show that this had been premature. But the new volume shows with still greater plainness how far removed Mr. Swinburne's tone of mind is from that of the Greek poets. Their most remarkable distinction is their scrupulous moderation and sobriety in color. Mr. Swinburne riots in the profusion of color of the most garish and heated kind. He is like a composer who should fill his orchestra with trumpets, or a painter who should exclude every color but a blaring red and a green as of sour fruit. There are not twenty stanzas in the whole book which have the faintest tincture of soberness. We are in the midst of fire and serpents, wine and ashes, blood and foam, and a hundred lurid horrors.

Unsparring use of the most violent colors and the most intoxicated ideas and images is Mr. Swinburne's prime characteristic. Fascinated as everybody must be by the music of his verse, it is doubtful whether part of the effect may not be traced to something like a trick of words and letters to which he resorts in season and out of season with a persistency that any sense of artistic moderation must have stayed. The Greek poets in their most impetuous moods never allowed themselves to be carried on by the swing of words instead of by the steady, though buoyant, flow of thought. Mr. Swinburne's hunting of letters, his hunting of the same word, to death is ceaseless. We shall have occasion by and by to quote a long passage in which

several lines will be found to illustrate this:—

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave.

Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep
 dim soul of a star.

White rose of the rose-white water, a silver
 splendor, a flame.

There are few pages in the volume where we do not find conceits of this standing doing duty for thoughts. The Greeks did not wholly disdain them, but they never allowed them to count for more than they were worth. Let anybody who compares Mr. Swinburne to the Greeks read his ode to 'Our Lady of Pain,' and then read the well-known scene in *Antigone* between Antigone and the Chorus, or any of the famous choruses in the *Agamemnon* or an ode of Pindar. In the height of all their passion there is an infinite soberness of which Mr. Swinburne has not a conception.

Yet, in spite of its atrocities, the present volume gives new examples of Mr. Swinburne's forcible and vigorous imagination. The 'Hymn to Prosperine' on the proclamation of the Christian faith in Rome, full as it is of much that many persons may dislike, contains passages of rare vigor:—

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and
 sorrows are cast

Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps
 to the surf of the past:

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between
 the remote sea-gates,

Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and
 deep death waits:

Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about
 with the seas as with wings,

And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of
 unspeakable things,

White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed
 and serpentine-curled,

Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the
 wave of the world.

The depths stand naked in sunder behind it,
 the storms flee away;

In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and
 snared as a prey;

In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt
 is of all men's tears;
 With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and
 pulse of years;
 With travail of day after day, and with trouble
 of hour upon hour;
 And bitter as blood is the spray, and the crests
 are as fangs that devour:
 And its vapor and storm of its steam as the sigh-
 ing of spirits to be;
 And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its
 depth as the roots of the sea:
 And the height of its heads as the height of the
 utmost stars of the air;
 And the ends of the earth at the might thereof
 tremble, and time is made bare.

The variety and rapidity of suspen-
 sion, the reveling in power, are not
 more remarkable here than in many
 other passages, though even here it is
 not variety and rapidity of thought.
 The anapæst to which Mr. Swinburne
 so habitually resorts is the only foot
 that suffices for his never-staying im-
 petuosity. In the 'Song in Time of
 Revolution' he employs it appropri-
 ately and with a sweeping force as of
 the elements:—

The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high priest
 covers his head:
 For this is the song of the quick that is heard
 in the ears of the dead.
 The poor and the halt and the blind are keen
 and mighty and fleet;
 Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound
 of the noise of their feet.

There are, too, sweet and picturesque
 lines scattered in the midst of this fire
 which the poet tosses to and fro about
 his verses. Most of the poems, in his
 wearisomely iterated phrase, are meant
 to 'sting the senses like wine,' but to
 some stray pictures one may apply his
 own exquisite phrases on certain of
 Victor Hugo's songs, which, he says:—

Or fell more soft than dew or snow by night
 Or wailed as in some flooded cave
 Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

For instance, there is a perfect
 delicacy and duty in four lines of the
 'Hendecasyllabics'—a metre that is

familiar in the Latin line often found
 on clocks and sundials, *Horæ nam per-
 eunt et imputantur*:—

When low light was upon the windy reaches
 Where the flower of foam was blown, a lily
 Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows
 And green fields of the sea that make no pasture.

Nothing can be more simple and ex-
 quisite than:—

For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we
 gaze for a span.

Or than this:—

In deep wet ways by gray old gardens
 Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
 They know not what fruits wane or grow;
 Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
 They know not, neither can remember,
 The old years and flowers they used to know.

Or again:—

With stars and sea winds for her raiment
 Night sinks on the sea.

Up to a certain point one of the deep-
 est and most really poetical pieces is
 that called 'The Sundew.' A couple of
 verses may be quoted to illustrate the
 graver side of the poet's mind:—

The deep scent of the heather burns
 About it; breathless though it be,
 Bow down and worship; more than we
 Is the least flower whose life returns,
 Least weed renascent in the sea.

You call it sundew: how it grows,
 If with its color it have breath,
 If life taste sweet to it, if death
 Pain its soft petal, no man knows:
 Man has no sight or sense that saith.

There is no finer effect of poetry than
 to recall to the mind of men the bounds
 that have been set to the scope of their
 sight and sense, to inspire their imag-
 inations with a vivid apprehension of
 the size and the wonder and the strange
 remote companionship of the world of
 force and growth and form outside of
 man: '*Qui se considérera de la sorte*,' said
 Pascal, '*s'effraiera, sans doute, de se voir
 comme suspendu dans la masse que la*

nature lui a donnée entre ces deux abîmes de l'infini et du néant. And there are two ways in which a man can treat this affright that seizes his fellows as they catch interrupted glimpses of their positions. He can transfigure their baseness of fear into true poetic awe, which shall underlie their lives as a lasting record of solemn rapture. Or else he can jeer and mock at them like an unclean fiery imp from the pit. Mr. Swinburne does not, at all events, treat the whole lot of mankind in the former spirit. In his best mood, he can only brood over 'the exceeding weight of God's intolerable scorn not to be borne.' He can only ask us, 'O fools and blind, what seek ye there high up in the air?' or, 'Will ye beat always on the gate, ye fools of fate?'

If he is not in his best mood he is in his worst — a mood of schoolboy lustfulness. The bottomless pit encompasses us on one side, and stews and bagnios on the other. He is either the

vindictive and scornful apostle of a crushing iron-shod despair, or else he is the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs. Not all the fervor of his imagination, the beauty of his melody, the splendor of many phrases and pictures, can blind us to the absence of judgment and reason, the reckless contempt for anything like a balance, and the audacious counterfeiting of strong and noble passion by mad intoxicated sensuality. The lurid clouds of lust or of fiery despair and defiance never lift to let us see the pure and peaceful and bounteous kindly aspects of the great landscape of human life. Of enlarged *meditation*, the note of the highest poetry, there is not a trace, and there are too many signs that Mr. Swinburne is without any faculty in this direction. Never have such bountifulness of imagination, such mastery of the music of verse, been yoked with such thinness of contemplation and such poverty of genuinely impassioned thought.

SEVEN AND FORTY-SEVEN

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Observer*]

'I TEAR up weeds like fury,
And cram them in my bucket,
And crash them on the bonfire!
Sings out the lad of seven.

And seven-and-forty hankers
To feel again the fury
That flung life on the altar
To leap in flame to Heaven.

ANOTHER JANE¹

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

Is there any record that *the* Jane knew and enjoyed her namesake's work? Miss Austen did not die till 1817, and before then Jane Taylor had published her best work, the work by which she is still very well remembered and loved. It was not long ago that Mr. Lucas edited a capital edition of Jane and Ann's poems for children; before then an earlier generation had seen 'Little Anne,' in the inimitable illustrations of Kate Greenaway, and many of us, burrowing in the treasures that mothers or aunts had kept from their maternal libraries, had discovered and delighted in the little volumes in which childhood was realistically portrayed and properly admonished. It is not fancy that sees a kinship between Miss Jane Austen and Miss Jane Taylor. Each had a wit, the exercise of which natural kindliness was never allowed to hamper; each had a very due sense of the Butlerian philosophy that 'things are what they are,' and each takes a pleasure, malicious or religious as you will, in the conclusion of that famous sentence. There is a touch too of the governess in Miss Austen. The satirist would be content to make a fool of Mr. Collins for his shame and her amusement; but Miss Austen is determined he shall wear the fool's cap *coram publico*, and be put in the corner before the whole class. So Jane Taylor allows her better children to see what fools the sillier ones are, and what penalties the fool can never entirely escape. Of course it would be absurd to put Jane Taylor's sketches on a level with

the best of Miss Austen; but this very skillful volume of selections proves that she had a talent not quite so slender or so limited in range as might appear to those who know only her poems for, and about, children. The *Essays in Rhyme* — first published in 1816 — contain some delicious things. There is, perhaps, an affinity to Crabbe and to Cowper; but in method Jane Taylor is not at all evidently derivative, and the temperament displayed is perfectly genuine and independent. Take, for instance, these passages from 'Recreation': —

We took our work, and went, you see,
To take an early cup of tea.
We did so now and then, to pay
The friendly debt, and so did they.
Not that our friendship burnt so bright
That all the world could see the light;
'T was of the ordinary *genus*,
And little love was lost between us:
We lov'd, I think, about as true
As such near neighbors mostly do.

At first, we all were somewhat dry;
Mamma felt cold, and so did I:
Indeed, that room, sit where you will,
Has draught enough to turn a mill.
'I hope you're warm,' says Mrs. G.
'Oh, quite so,' says mamma, *says she*:
'I'll take my shawl off by and by' —
'This room is always warm,' *says I*.

'Miss F.,' says I, 'I've understood,
Spends all her time in doing good:
The people say her coming down
Is quite a blessing to the town.'
At that our hostess fetch'd a sigh,
And shook her head; and so, says I,
'It's very kind of her, I'm sure,
To be so generous to the poor.'
'No doubt,' says she, 't is very true;
Perhaps there may be *reasons* too: —
You know some people like to pass
For *patrons* with the lower class.'

¹From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), May 1

And here I break my story's thread,
Just to remark that what she said,
Although I took the other part,
Went like a cordial to my heart.

Some innuendoes more had pass'd,
Till out the scandal came at last.
'Come then, I'll tell you something more,'
Says she — 'Eliza, shut the door —
I would not trust a creature here,
For all the world, but you, my dear.
Perhaps it's false, — I wish it may, —
But let it go no further, pray!' —
'Oh,' says mamma, 'you need not fear,
We never mention what we hear.'
And so, we drew our chairs the nearer,
And whispering, lest the child should hear her,
She told a tale, at least too *long*
To be repeated in a song;
We, panting every breath between,
With curiosity and spleen.
And how we did enjoy the sport!
And echo every faint report,
And answer every candid doubt,
And turn her motives inside out,
And holes in all her virtues pick,
Till we were sated, almost sick.

Her satire is limpid, simple even.
She had the clear-eyed, lucid virtues of
her family's class, that sturdy, no-nonsense,
Dissenting stock which has always
refused to be overimpressed with
the feathers of fine birds. You see the
same contempt, gentle but very determined,
in her satiric little note on the
fashionable beau of the period, with his
affectation of complete indifference: —

Nature and art might vainly strive
To keep his intellect alive.
'T would not have forc'd an exclamation
Worthy a note of admiration
If he had been on Gibeon's hill,
And seen the sun and moon stand still.
What prodigy was ever known
To raise the pitch of fashion's tone!
Or make it yield, by any chance,
That studied air of *nonchalance*,
Which after all, however grac'd,
Is apathy and want of taste.

Of course she had the limitations of
her training; but if she had been brought
up in a less vigorous atmosphere she
might easily have been merely one of
the less foolish supporters of London
salons, of the type which Blake had

earlier scarified in his odd Peacockian
satire, a kind of gushing, overenthusiastic
bluestocking, a fribble doomed
to an infinity of Della-Cruscan imbecilities.
The Dissenting interest in
culture was at that time serious and
pursued seriously; and the fact that it
was largely confined to literature and
the pictorial arts prevented that dissipation
of energy which is the curse of
clever young people in more broad-minded
circles. There is nothing like a little
narrowness to encourage talent either
positively or by opposition. Jane Taylor
developed her talent without ever losing
her sense. The little tract, for which we
are extremely grateful to Miss Barry, on
'I can do without it' is a real model in
a kind of moral training which is now
grossly depreciated; to-day we too easily
confuse wastefulness with generosity, and
have reduced that fine word economy to
the level of one of the dingier precautions
of life, dethroning it from its proper place
as the guardian of all philanthropic effort.
Jane Taylor struck, in this tract, exactly
the right note; she is as aware of the
dangers of meanness as of an incontinent
slackness in spending, and always sees
something saved, not as hoarded for
herself, but as kept for someone else.

With her sense goes a pleasant and
very feminine humor. Her novel *Display*,
if we may judge from Miss Barry's
selections, should be worth reprinting.
There is an amusing modernity in many
of her notes on character. Do we not
know Elizabeth who 'would have been
really agreeable, if she could but have
forgotten to be charming'? How pleasant
again, if of a refreshing simplicity, is
the account of the moment when Elizabeth
decides that Lieutenant Robinson must
not be neglected.

When they reached home, Elizabeth
threw herself on the sofa, saying:—

'Don't talk to me; I am tired this evening,
Mr. Robinson.'

Thus repulsed, he walked backwards and forwards in the room for some time, half whistling; till, stopping on a sudden, he exclaimed:—

‘That Emily what-d’-ye-call-her is a confounded pretty girl!’

‘Do you think so?’ said Elizabeth, rousing up. ‘Well, she does look rather pretty in her bonnet.’

Here the lieutenant resumed his walk and his whistle; but the remark had a fortunate effect upon Elizabeth. The momentary jealousy made him appear surprisingly more agreeable, and worth *securing*; and while she sat watching him as he paced up and down in the dusk, she said to herself:—

‘He *whistles* uncommonly well.’

Jane Taylor’s children’s poems are still well known, and it is by them that she will be longest remembered. It is not only that they are in themselves excellent, and exactly the kind of writing which children love, but that they set a certain standard and style in children’s verse which have not been superseded. Miss Barry calls the sisters Jane and Ann ‘great-aunts-in-literature of Louis Stevenson.’ It is a happy phrase and may pass; but both Jane and Ann knew far more of the normal child than Stevenson ever did. They derive from Watts; and if one would know how near they are to the child’s view of life, simple, concrete,

unshadowed, one can compare their work with that of the child genius, Marjorie Fleming. The manner of the adults in her poems may seem at times insufferably priggish; but nearly all grown-ups seem either priggish or ridiculous, or both, to the ordinary child. In the best poems Jane Taylor frankly adopts the child’s standpoint, as in that little gem, ‘The Pigs,’ in which Dick’s father really does nothing more than retort to his son, ‘Horrid little pig, yourself, Dick.’ The famous ‘The Star,’ Jane’s most widely known poem, is a perfect little thing in its way; it might have been written by a Quaker Blake in a pinafore. There is a certain sublime folly, a lovely and infantile confidence, in that last verse in which the speaker gravely encourages the star:—

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

That has all the grave impertinence of its era and of Jane’s training. The stars are to be allowed to shine only as they too do a useful work; and for this they shall be forgiven their incomprehensibility. *The* Jane would have laughed a little at Jane Taylor, had she known her; but certainly she would have loved her too.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAUROIS AND PHILOSOPHY

If it had not been for a family necessity, André Maurois, the author of *Ariel*, might now be teaching moral philosophy to boys and girls in a French *lycée* instead of writing novels and short stories. In a conversation with the unweariable interviewer of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, M. Frédéric Lefèvre, M. Maurois confesses that his philosophy teacher in the *lycée* at Rouen, a man named Chartier, made so deep an impression upon him that on finishing his studies he would have liked to follow his master to Paris, whither Chartier was then called, and take a degree in philosophy. But his parents, who were small-scale manufacturers, decided otherwise, and young Maurois stayed on at home in Elbeuf, near Rouen, for the next ten years, living the life of a provincial industrial, and doing his writing on the sly, as it were, in his evenings.

'During these years,' says M. Lefèvre, 'he read enormously, gulping down from the first line to the last such compact masses as the *Positive Philosophy* of Comte, and taking mountains of notes. He has kept more than fifty notebooks of comments and citations from that obscure and laborious period. He gave me one of these to glance over. It was a curious mixture. An analysis of Renouvier's *Uchronie* appeared on the page next to one of Vandervelde's *Collectivism*; there were long extracts from the early novels of Barrès, verse translations from English poetry, with notes on the institution of property among the Greeks. One page was en-

titled, "System under the Chestnut Trees."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh, that belongs to a day when I made a Rousseau pilgrimage to Montmorency. I spent one whole Sunday lying under the chestnut trees trying to rebuild my philosophy of life, which was going to pieces on every side."

'I read: "Pure idealism is simply an untenable position. . . ." Then, turning the page, my eye fell upon some scientific notes — the analysis of a book on spectroscopy.'

As with so many of his literary generation in France, M. Maurois found the war a stimulus to, or at least an occasion for, turning writer in earnest. On account of his knowledge of English, he was assigned to liaison service with the British troops, and on the basis of this experience he wrote a



ANDRÉ MAUROIS
[*Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

series of sketches of characteristic types and incidents. These he read to some friends without any thought of publication, but one of them, who was acquainted with Bernard Grasset, sent Maurois to the young publisher of the Rue des Saints-Pères. Grasset was impressed by the skill of the writing, but times were hard, and he had little confidence in the selling power of this particular sort of thing. In spite of his friendly attitude, it was not until June 1918, and then at the author's expense, that *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* appeared under Grasset's auspices.

From that time, and especially after the appearance of *Ariel*, there has been no uncertainty about M. Maurois's gifts as a popular writer. During the present year he will have published no less than three volumes. His *Meïpe* — or, to give it its English title, *Mape* — appeared in France early in the year; in April appeared his first full-length novel, *Bernard Quesnay*; a series of conversations with M. Lefèvre is announced for publication in November. It would appear that *Bernard Quesnay* is founded to some extent on autobiographical material, for its central figures are two young men of artistic tastes and idealistic temperaments who inherit the responsibility of directing a great factory. In the novel, one of them withdraws to live among his books and pictures, leaving the other to bear the family burden.



THE NEW POETRY TO MUSIC

'ALL Chelsea sent its representatives to the new Chenil Galleries on Tuesday to hear Miss Edith Sitwell's "Façade" spoken to music by Mr. W. T. Walton,' says the *Morning Post*. 'Before the literary values of the poetry, the mere musician must hold himself in respectful silence. He may only describe what occurred.

'Platform and orchestra were concealed by a decorative curtain upon which a large face was indicated. The mouth of the face was the opening of a megaphone through which a monologist spoke, or rather blurted, the poems. The verbal lines were made to run rhythmically in the way of a song. In most cases it was the way of a patter song, but now and then there were pauses and resumptions and slow time. The words ran to the beat of Mr. Walton's music, which was cachinnatory and very often obscured them, even though it lacked the aid of a megaphone. Sometimes they were obscured by the monologist's want of breath, or because his tongue got twisted.

'Such words as survived came to the brain with the detachment of cold print, and free from the obtrusive commentary of a reciter's "expression"; free, too, from the grimacings, the writhings, and the "general air of guilt and shame" that accompany recitation on normal lines. The music supplied the dressing, and such words as were lost in it were to be written off as fair wear and tear due to a system that offered many advantages, among which, the explainer pointed out, was the fact that if you could not hear the words you could always hear the music.

'Mr. Walton, who wrote the music, is considered on the Continent to be the hope of English progressive composers. One expected more varied and considered writing from a man in so responsible a position. He contents himself, most of the time, with a general vociferation of his instrumental band, — flute, clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, percussion, and violoncello, — and he expresses his individuality in more or less uniform terms. He is most succinct when he is imitating an old-time phraseology such as Spanish, Eastern, fox-trot, or tango. That is to say he is

more of a parodist than a progressive. He is certainly adept in writing a score. Perhaps there is no more able freak orchestrator living. But he is too ruthless with his muted trumpet and his side drum, even more so than the system demands.

'The general effect? It is all one. We could more easily judge if the operations were performed on recognized poetry, such as "John Gilpin" or "Hiawatha." But perhaps that would be lese majesty.'

*

A MEMORIAL TO VERGIL

It is announced from Rome that by a decree of the Italian Government a monument is to be erected to Vergil in his native town of Lombardy. The cost will be defrayed by a national subscription, to which the Government is contributing a hundred thousand lire, and the memorial is to be set up in a new square, which will be known as the Piazza Virgiliana. 'A long and inexplicable neglect,' comments the *Daily Telegraph*, 'is about to be redeemed. How comes it that Mantua has no memorial of the poet who has made its name famous throughout the ages? "*Mantua Virgilio gaudet*," wrote Ovid, and we can well believe it. But why has the town never given visible expression to its delight in the form of a worthy memorial?

'One would have thought that the Podesta and the city fathers would have blazoned the fame of Vergil's actual birthplace — Andes, as it was called in his day, but now Pietola; that there would have been piazzas and colonnades, and fountains, and columns, not to speak of hotels and restaurants, bearing his name at every turn, and even a sanctuary dedicated to the memory of the one pagan poet from whom the more cultured of the

early Christians sorrowfully regretted to part company. . . . Mantua's neglect is as incomprehensible as is the neglect of Naples to protect as a hallowed shrine Vergil's reputed tomb, but at any rate it is pleasant to know that the neglect is to be honorably repaired, and that the Italian Government in its new campaign to revive the glories of the past is putting Vergil's claims to national remembrance high up on the list.'

✱

A NEW GERMAN BIBLE

A NEW translation of the Bible into German has been undertaken by two Hebrew scholars — Dr. Buber, leader of the Zionist Youth Movement in Germany, and Dr. Rosenzweig, founder of the Jewish seminary at Frankfort. It is said that both Catholics and Protestants in Germany are as deeply interested as the Jewish leaders in this attempt to bring the Old and New Testaments nearer to the spirit of mankind in general to-day, and are supporting the work with the greatest sympathy. There is as yet no approved 'revised version' in Germany. This is, however, by no means the first attempt to improve upon Martin Luther's translation, but it is actually the first attempt to give the Germans of to-day the Bible in a language that satisfies the demands both of completely accurate text and beautiful phrasing. The supporters of the movement are apparently acting in the belief that Luther's magnificently rugged German belongs to a past age, and has lost its appeal to twentieth-century minds.

An interesting criticism of the result as shown so far by the book of Genesis appears from a Jewish pen in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. This writer complains that the improvement on Luther's language is the German of the Wagner opera, a cultivated mediæval-

ism, but whether it will supersede the less cultivated work of Luther in the hearts of the people appears very doubtful.

✱

AN EPSTEIN BUST FOR MANCHESTER

UNDETERRED by the uproar over Jacob Epstein's Hudson Memorial, — the ill-starred Rima statue in Hyde Park, — a committee of Manchester citizens has started a subscription fund for the purchase of a bust of Mr. C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, now being executed by Mr. Epstein. The occasion is the veteran editor's eightieth birthday, and it is proposed that the bust be set up in the Manchester City Art Gallery. 'We desire,' says the committee, 'in the first place to honor a most distinguished Manchester citizen. But we are glad to think that we shall be doing so in the way which will probably please him most — by adding a great work of art to the city's collection.' The committee numbers among its members Lord Derby, the Bishop of Manchester, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. J. P. Clynes. The question now is whether Manchester too will prove to have its 'Fascisti of art,' to use one newspaper's phrase at the time of the Rima difficulties.

✱

A REINHARDT CARTEL

'HERR MAX REINHARDT announces that he has decided not to accept any invitations to go to Hollywood to direct the production of films,' says a Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*. 'He prefers to devote all his energies at present to the preparation of the artistic and economic programme of the so-called *Arbeits Gemeinschaft* (working arrangement) which he has made with the directors of several other leading Berlin theatres. This new organization brings under one

central directing body the stages of the *Deutsches Theater*, of the *Kammerspiele*, of the theatre in the *Königgrätzer Strasse*, of the *Komödienhaus*, and of the *Tribüne*. The community of interest will probably take the form of a limited liability company, but while the purely business part will be in the hands of this central board, each separate theatre will follow to a large extent its own artistic policy. The leading actors and actresses have not yet decided on their attitude in the matter.'

✱

A GREAT PUBLISHER

A THOUSAND readers have used copies of books in Everyman's Library to one reader who knew that the series was the inspiration of a single man — James Mallaby Dent, one of the great figures in the publishing world of his day, who recently died in England. Early in his career Dent demonstrated his combination of literary feeling and business acuteness by starting the Temple Classics series, which later came to include the famous Temple Shakespeare. Another venture that became a success chiefly through American response was the translation of the whole of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* under the editorship of Professor Saintsbury. But what will always give the name of Dent an affectionate connotation is the thought of those purple, pale gray, ochre, and olive-green little volumes with the gold lettering and the fine quotation from *Everyman* on the inside of the cover — those volumes which no college student has ever quite dispensed with, and which have introduced how many great names and great books, from Aristotle's *Ethics* to Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, to a whole generation of readers!

BOOKS ABROAD

On England, and Other Addresses, by the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin. London: P. Allan and Company. 12s. 6d.

[*Spectator*]

THE Prime Minister has consented to the publication of a number of his speeches made on very various occasions during the past few years. Naturally they have been reported in the press; indeed, he says that they have not been revised, but appear as reported. Many of them have been referred to in the *Spectator* at the time of delivery. This is to say that there is nothing new in the book. Nevertheless we welcome it warmly and hope that it will be widely read—first, because it is good matter, high-minded and broad-minded and informing; secondly, because it reveals the man to whose power and influence the country is largely committed. Certainly Unionist readers will have yet greater faith that their leader is the right one for the Party and the time. We believe also that Mr. Baldwin is exceptionally liked and trusted by his opponents, and that a study of these speeches will confirm their trust and liking, whatever they think of his political opinions.

Political speeches are eschewed, unless the famous speech in the House of Commons on the Trade Union Political Levy Bill is reckoned as political; it was in truth a negation of Party politics. Nearly all were delivered on occasions when he was a guest of honor fulfilling the tradition that Prime Ministers and United States Ambassadors can adorn any subject of public interest. Religion, art, education, public charity, or great men lately dead, are among his subjects; reunions of all kinds are the occasions. The reader will realize how immensely wide are Mr. Baldwin's interests. Yet they will not cry 'Jack of all trades' with the usual corollary. They will be deeply impressed with the broad understanding that he has gained and used, and will feel how representative he is of all Englishmen. His frequent and delightful references to the red soil of Worcestershire, to all the traditions of rural England, will bind him to the Tory and the agriculturist, not only on the Welsh Marches. His first-hand knowledge of industry will give confidence to town workers, masters and men. Those who believe in the wisdom to be gathered from the humanities, from history, from the literature of living and dead languages, will write him

down as wise. If any think that the widest readers need be *dilettanti*, and connect with that word an idea of ineffective indolence, they are confuted here by the mass of work achieved. It is astonishing that any man could have succeeded in reaching his high office through the strife of politics and remain so patently and so genuinely brimful of generous human sympathy. It speaks well for our political life. It is well too for the Unionist Party, for comprehensive sympathy is the bond of Unionism to-day.

There is no rhetoric here; indeed, Mr. Baldwin denounces rhetoric with passion. He dreads the equivocal phrase and succeeds in his purpose 'to use a speech plain and unambiguous.' Some of the speeches are plainly made *ex tempore* or with scarcely any preparation. Where he indulges in a peroration it is generally reminiscent of the Bible, or, in one example, his tribute to Lord Curzon in the House, of *Pilgrim's Progress*. There are sentences which, taken by themselves, might seem to be platitudes, but in their context they illustrate really the power to reduce a complex puzzle to its simplest terms. There is not much humor of the kind sought after by popular speakers, but sympathy is never humorless, nor does Mr. Baldwin fail now and again to lighten a never heavy discourse by an occasional quip, as, for example, when, speaking of Lord Oxford's Roman eloquence, he imagines him delivering a Ciceronian oration in the Courts, 'shall we say, *Pro Georgio?*'

Such a man should be happy, so far as terrific responsibility and lack of leisure allow happiness. Most modestly he shows over and over again that his ideal of life is service. Wealth as a servant he commends; as a master he denounces it. This scarcely expresses his own sublime indifference to money, which he showed on an occasion that his modesty has to this day kept secret from the public, just as the full measure of his generosity of feeling toward opponents is known to them alone.

Innocent Birds, by T. F. Powys. London: Chatto and Windus. 7s 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE mysterious country that Mr. Powys has made for himself out of odd bits of ours has England for its outward scene—England as viewed by a lover of its hills and dales, a lonely

watcher of its clouds, a friend of little springs and daisies. In a word or two, he carries us right into the heart of his rather wistful enjoyment of the countryside. But his human beings are hardly those of other people's experience — though none the worse for that, perhaps. In *Madder* the good are mostly imbecile — lovably so; and so are the bad — which is, come to think of it, less astonishing. Wipe out some black pages, take Mr. Powys's rustics without question, and their *naïvetés* and absurdities will tickle our sense of humor flatteringly. Solly, for instance, looking at the sky for the great gift that is to fall from Heaven on Madder, and finding guidance for life in stray sentences out of a history of the Americans, — his whole library, — is a lovely spectacle.

But we are muddle-headed if we speak of their kinship with Shakespeare's or with Hardy's rustics. In the first place, Mr. Powys does not use his for mere byplay; they are the central figures of the drama. But there is a great difference. His characters are Jonsonian rather, creatures of allegory, embodiments of qualities or of obsessions. The Reverend Mr. Tucker is Modesty; Solly is Innocence; Fred Pym throwing up his cap, his one expression of the joy of life, counting his sheep or anything else, his one mental effort, is Heavenly Foolishness. But Pym can love, and his is the tragic rôle in the drama. Miss Pettifer in Meanness, and Bugby is Black Lust. Yet so well are the shadows presented that they are passably like flesh-and-blood creatures. Indeed, — with the exception of Miss Pettifer, made in a fit of spite, — Mr. Powys seems first of all to have conceived them as such, and then taken out of them all the features that did not suit his purpose. . . .

An uncomfortable book, which haunts by its beauty and its horror. Whether Mr. Powys be high moralist or victim of his obsession we do not presume yet to judge. Give him time, and, with his gifts, he may be trusted to be his own interpreter.

Humoresque, by Humbert Wolfe. London: Ernest Benn. 6s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE duality of Mr. Humbert Wolfe's poetic nature, which could be detected in *The Unknown Goddess*, his last book of serious verse, is still more palpable here. It may be said to be sym-

bolized in the book's very structure. A passionate apprehension of philosophic truth is expressed in the form of a lyric drama, with Pierrot, Pierrette, Pantaloon, Constable, and Harlequin as the characters. But dramatic unity is of the slightest, and dramatic development there is none. Indeed, the sequential value of the book is more than doubtful. He admits as much in the Invocation: —

I made these poems —
these fugitive, these few. . . .

But the lyric value of the best of it is beyond question; and the second-best serves to bring out that dual quality suggested by the dramatic apparatus — a profound seriousness of thought and intensity of feeling set against a surface gayety and a toying with feeling and thought: —

There may be suffering in song as deep
as silence, and the melody that seems
only a trick of haunting words may keep
a tryst with pain beyond all lovers' dreams.

Mr. Wolfe is an ironist, and a wit, of the Caroline order; but he is also a lyrist and a melodist; and his truer poetic self is not that which sounds the deeps of personality through metaphysical speculation, as in 'The Incommunicable Surd,' finely conceived though that poem is; it is rather that which imaginatively expresses it in the music of a mood, like the music of 'Resignation': —

Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves;
we have had our summer evenings;
now for October eves!

The great beech trees lean forward,
and strip like a diver. We
had better turn to the fire
and shut our minds to the sea,

where the ships of youth are running
close-hauled on the edge of the wind,
with all adventure before them,
and only the old behind.



BOOKS MENTIONED

HIRST, F. W., and ALLEN, J. E. *British War Budgets*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1926. 15s.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Cat and Candle, by Palle Rosenkrantz. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. \$2.00.

BARON ROSENKRANTZ is a Dane. Perhaps neither his title nor his nationality should influence the reader, but there is always a certain social glamour about an aristocrat, and a certain intellectual prestige in being a Dane. *Cat and Candle* is readable and amusing largely on account of the ease with which it was written. The story is of slight importance; it deals with the love and financial adventures of two young friends. There is very little real cleverness in the book; yet if one were to assign it a place in fiction it would undoubtedly have to be classified among the sophisticated novels. One can easily imagine Baron Rosenkrantz in time becoming the Aldous Huxley of Denmark. It is unfortunate that one loses so much in the translation, for there are evidently many light touches in the original that put on considerable weight when transferred into English. There is one surprise that the American reader alone can enjoy — we learn that in Denmark Red Grange is a homestead and not a superman.

Stepsons of France, by P. C. Wren. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1926. \$2.00.

It is doing Captain Wren full justice to say that these seventeen stories are in the early — some would say best — Kipling tradition, the Kipling of *Soldiers Three*; and the comparison, however enduring, must not depreciate the fresh vigor of this material. The Foreign Legion, with its pot-pourri of desperate and despairing men, its red-hot campaigns in desert and jungle, its juicy Grand-Guignol cruelty, affords enough adventure for any strong palate. If the tales are more sanguinary and less subtle than their model (due perhaps to the absence of women — gentle or otherwise — from the Legion's posts), they are fully as versatile. Wide is their map, dramatic their portrayal of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, and romantic the circumstances that have driven each soldier to such oblivion. Captain Wren knows all the tricks of the Legion's trade; knows the little national traits — and dialects — that distinguish men black and white; knows best of all how to excite one's interest.

The Pope, by Jean Carrère. Translated by Arthur Chambers. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1926. \$3.00.

THOSE who turn to this, the latest of M. Carrère's volumes, with the expectation of finding in it either a biography of the present incumbent of the throne of Saint Peter or a full account of the prerogatives and duties of the pontifical office will experience disappointment. With greater accuracy the author might have entitled his work, 'A Journalist's Historical Sketch of the Roman Question.' Long years of residence in Rome, full sympathy with the point of view of the Vatican, and excellent opportunities to sound influential quarters for expressions of opinion as the times have changed, make it possible for M. Carrère to write fully, if now and then tediously, upon the still unsolved question of the Pope's temporal power. Though written first of all for a French audience, American Catholics who wish to watch the development of the international affairs of the Holy See will find this book of interest. It is not, however, fully abreast of the times, as events since the latter months of 1923 find no mention.

The Kasidah, by Sir Richard Burton. Illustrated by John Kettelwell. New York: Brentano's, 1926. \$2.00.

THIS is the first inexpensive edition of the longish reflective poem which Sir Richard Burton amused himself by writing in his intervals of leisure on his return from Mekka in 1854. By composing it five years before the appearance of Fitzgerald's *Omar*, Burton anticipated any charge of imitation, and indeed, similar as the *Kasidah* is to the tentmaker's *Rubaiyat* in philosophy, it is too remote from it in style to make any such anticipation necessary. Burton's atheism was in itself as weighty as Fitzgerald's, and his epicureanism as thoroughgoing, but he was not a poet and Fitzgerald was, and that difference tells the whole critical story of the two poems as poems. The *Kasidah* is too commonplace in style ever to give a reader the specific thrill of poetry, — 'Yet ah! that spring should vanish with the rose!' — but it is nevertheless the work of an extremely interesting man, and commands a certain attention simply as such. Fundamentalists are not advised to invest.



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